

THE
COUNTRY
GIRL.

A Comedie,

As it hath beene often Acted with
much applause.

Never Printed before.

By T.B. *revised*



London, Printed for A.R. 1647.

Prologue.

BEfore I speake, me thinkes, I heare some say,
 What can there be, to furnish out a Play,
 In such a Home-spun Title? — In a Plaine
 Poore Countrey Girle? Such, yeilds no lofty straine;
 No 'finewie stufte, extracted from a Myne.
 Of deep, and Abstruse reading; no strong line,
 No such a straine, and this poore Title, juste
 Like old Pan's Bagpipe, and Apollo's Lute.
 What must we looke for then? A desperate wit?
 Scenes, full of veins, where, without a Hit
 No man escapes, comes neere it? This indeed
 Were to some purpose; and the way to speed.
 But this too's from this Title. — None of these?
 Alas poore Girle, where's then, thy hope to please?
 What can she sing? and, like the Northerne Lasse;
 (That brave blithe Girle) hope to procure a passe?
 Or, can she fight? — If so so stout, so bold
 A brave Virago, like the Girle, worth Gold.
 Or is shee one, that once a Countrey Maide,
 Crack'd in the carriage, is come to Trade,
 And set up some new Leaguer? Or suppose
 Our Girle, a vertuous Copy, and so close
 This inquisition of her, — Shee is — -- what?
 Her owne presentment, best can tell you that,
 Which be but pleas'd to grace, with love and favour,
 You make the poore Girle rich, and Crayne our labour.



The Country Girl.

Enter *Sir Oliver Bellingham*, and *M. William*.

M. William.

Bleeve me Sir, I have told you what your worship may most certainly trust to.

Sir Oliver. May I not speak with her?

M. William. You know my place.

There's no more hope from the deepe pit of griefe
To raise in her any conceit of love,
Then there's to raise her husband up againe
From the cold bed he sleepes in : from the Grave.
Take this for all : My Lady Sir, has vow'd
To live, and die a Widdow. — So I leave you. — *Exit Shut.*

Sir Oli. Is't possible, that such a one as shee ;
So young, so beautifull ; so full of blood ;
Such lusty blood, as shee's ? for such a losse,
Should lose that youth ; that Beauty, that quick blood
In such a cold retirement ? — Well, I know not !
But if she have made such a vow, and keepe it !
To finde out such another, and a Phœnix,
Is but an equall labour. *Enter M. Rash.*

Rash. Save you *Sir Oliver* ; save you, sweet *Sir Oliver*.

Sir Oli. As much to you Sir ; kind *M. Rash*.

Rash. You have bin with the Widdow ; this melancholly Lady already. Give you much joy of your faire hopes *Sir Oliver*.

Sir Oli. As much to your self ; to your self Sir, kind *M. Rash*.

Rash. Ile hope as much as I can, though you be a Knight ;
and I but an honest Citizen. A Mercer, is a Merchant, and

The Country Girl.

will looke for good Ware, for his Money. *To the dore.*

Sir Oli. If he should enter now? — Ile see the issue.

Enter M. William. (M. William.

Rash. You know my comming to speak with your Lady,

M. Wil. But shee's not at leasure to heare you.

Rash. I hope you doe but jeast.

M. Wil. Beleeve me Sir, in earnest.

Rash. But, I'll not take't in earnest. *Offer to the dore.*

M. Wil. But you must. — Then you'll be *Rash* indeed Sir.
Though you be a Citizen, you are not free of this Hall,
And therefore must have no admittance. *Exit Shur.*

Sir Oli. Give you much joy of your faire hopes.

Another? *Enter Plush, a Gallant.*

Plush. Save you Gentlemen: how is't *M. Rash*?

Rash. As well as we may, *M. Plush.*

Plush. You have got the start of me, I see that Gentlemen.
A Suit, brought me home this morning, made me lye so much
the longer: but, my Taylors long Bill, like a Woodcock, as
hee is, shall be so much the longer a paying. — You have
beene within?

Rash. In our time Sir.

Plush. I meane, this morning.

Rash. But — the Lady meanes no such thing Sir.

Sir Oli. We heard of your Worships new Suit, and would
not goe in before it.

Plush. I'll lead the way then. *Stamp at the dore.*

Enter M. William.

M. William? good morrow good morrow sweet *M. William.*

M. Wil. That sweet, to your sweetest selfe Sir.

Plush. And where's thy Lady? — You see, we come, to
come to her. *Offer to the dore.*

M. Wil. By your favour Sir, you are too hasty.

Plush. Why, is not thy Lady up yet?

M. Wil. Why, doe you meane to take her downe Sir?

— Bay Sir. *Exit Shur.*

Plush. This Fellow's sawcie.

Sir Oli. Minds not your Worships new Suit Sir. — But
we must be content. *Plush.*

The Country Girl.

Plush. We may be patient Sir, but not content; for nothing contents me, but the Lady. *Enter Sir Robert Malory.*

Rash. Nor me, but that beautifull Lady.

Sir Rob. Who have wee here? Sweet and soft, M. *Plush.* M. *Rash!* — I dare be so bold as embrace you too. — But my Noble Sir. My Sir, of a thousand *per annum*.

Plush. Why, I can be a Knight, an I lust Sir.

Rash. An I can be a Knight, an I lust Sir.

Sir Rob. Dubd, with the Citie Dagger. — Then *Rash*, would be rash indeed. You come to see my Sister?

Both. With all our hearts we would Sir.

Sir Rob. 'Las good hearts.

Me thinks the Gates should of themselves flye ope,
To such brave men as you are.

Sir Oli. You have the old heart, still Sir.

Sir Rob. The young heart still *Sir Oliver*; — the mad heart, — the merry heart; the light heart, with the candle of conceit, burning in it, as bright as *Lucifer, Hesper, Vesper*. You have not bin within? I will make out this paire of Aces, And then you shall see my Sister.

I perceive by your melancholy looks,
My melancholy, pettish, peevish Sister,
Is not at this time to be spoke withall.

'Tis such a foolish thing; — She knowes not worth,
Nor how to entertain't: suffice it Gentlemen,
I doe; — And shall not goe behind her back
To let her know your merit.

Both. Will you Sir?

Sir Rob. And in a just proportion to that merit,
That Masse of Merit, you shall finde her favour:
So M. *Plush*, and worthy M. *Rash*,
I shall desire you leave us.

Both. You'll remember.

Sir Rob. Shall I remember (Gentlemen) to eat? (*Rash.*
To drink? to sleep? — Then Ile remember you. *Exit Plush and*

Sir Oli. Then? — When *Sir Robert*?

Sir Rob. When I am asleepe. — Awake, I shall never
B 2 minde;

The Country Girl.

mind e'm. For their Worships are hardly worth it.

Sir Oli. Yet in a just proportion, to their merit. *Ent. Abram.*

Sir Rob. Yes, that's just nothing:— Hang e'm glowworms,

Sir Oli. Here's another rub in our Ally Sir. (hang e'm.

Sir Rob. A Tennants sonne o' mine. — And how does my honest *Abr'am.*

Abr. The better your good Worship is well Sir. I was to seeke your good Worship, at your Right Worshipfull house Sir: but, missing you there, I rejoyce I have met with you here. (matter?

Sir Rob. Why, what's the matter *Abr'am*, what's the

Abra. In the way of love, as they say: from my father, and my suster; and my tother suster too; — You know who I meane, *Sir Robert.* (Sir Robert.

Sir Rob. Thy scolding siter. *Abr.* You are in the right,

Sir Rob. And how does *Margaret*, my pretty Tennant?

Abra. That pretty one, is prettily well Sir.

Sir Rob. Remember me to her by this. — *A Ring.*

Within these two or three dayes, at the furthest, I should breath a Gelding; It may be, that wayes, and visit my pretty Tennant.

Abra. Long may your Worships Gelding breathe, and your Worshipfull selfe also.

I am in hast *Sir Robert.*

Sir Rob. Take your own time good *Abram.* *Exit with*

Abra. Thank your good Worship *Sir Robert.* *Congies.*

Sir Rob. I have done your patience wrong; indeed I have; But, in the best, that lyes in me to right it *Dore stamp.*

You shall command me Sir: Now to my Sister.

Now, where's my Sister? *Enter Master William.*

M.Wil. Shee's within *Sir Robert.* (me.

Sir Rob. Come then, let's to her. *M.Wil.* You must pardon Shee's so retyr'd to solitude; and set So deep in grief, that till her sighs, and teares, Will give her leave to give that entertain That shall become such worthy Visitants, (Which yet, they will not) tis her strict command

That

The Country Girl.

That no man enter.

S. Rob. Not my self?

M. Wil. Your self,

Sir, if you would not swell her grief too big

For her faint breast to carry, give her way.

A little time may change her. (*Exit shut*)

S. Rob. Tis enough. — You see Sir *Oliver*.

S. Oli. Your Love, Sir *Robert*.

S. Rob. But, as her Gentleman discreetly said,

A little time may change her: We must still

In such a kind humour a womans will.

But, she's thine own, be bold on't. — *Exeunt*.

Enter Master William, and Barbara.

M. W. Come, thou mak'st such a Matter, of Nothing.

Bab. Nothing, doe you call it, Master *William*? I know not, but I am sure, I feel it something — Tis almost, kicking ripe already.

M. W. Almost, kicking ripe already, — Come, come, thou art, A Chamber-maid still; — And I prethee, whats this, but a work that belongs to the Chamber? Kicking ripe already, This is not the first time, that thou hast been kickt with an urchin. Once, Twice, — this is the third time of kicking.

Bab. Well, you wo' not, marry me?

M. W. And hazard my place, wo my Lady? — and yet, Now I think on't. — I will —

Bab. Marry me?

M. W. To some of my eld acquaintance. There be a hundred in the City, that have swallowed worse bits then thou art. Hift.

Enter the Lady Mosely in mourning, veild; the Lady Malory, and an old Gentlewoman.

I know, my danger, and shall have a care, according.

La. Mos. Beseech you. Let the love you seeme to shew In these perswasions, be exprest in words, That better suit with such a robe as this, And my immutable resolve.

La. Mal. Immutable? — then we perswade, in vain.

The Country Girl.

M.W. I am bound to say
You have lost a worthy Gentleman ;—*My selfe,*
A noble Master ;—one that was a Man
Worth your best memory : the multitude
Of sighs you have sent after him, worth all
The expence of teares, you have bestowed upon him.
But when we look into his Tombe and there
See him lock'd up in Marble ;—in the Rill,
And sad imagin'd language of the Grave,
We are instructed, Nay, commanded Lady,
To period our vain grievings.

O. Gent. He has told you the naked truth on't.
'Tis but in vaine to grieve ; — For, is't not sed
The quick must live byth' quick, and not byth' dead ?
He's gone, -- Heaven be with him ; -- He was a Gentleman ;
An honest man ; -- and, which is more ; -- a proper Gentleman :
But, when Gentility, — Honesty, — and proportion,
Lye in the Grave once, I ha' done with 'em.

La. Mos. Thy tongue's my ceaselesse torment.

La. Mal. Let me tell you,
That infinite of love you seeme to have fixt,
Upon the heart of your departed Husband,
Loses no scruple, of the worth it has,
Plac'd on a second Husband.

O. Gent. Mark you that now ?

La. Mal. Nay, I dare tell you, that in a second Match,
You love him more ; more love, more honour him,
Then, in your mourning Widdowhood.

O. Gent. Mark you that now ?

La. Mal. Ile make it open to you : whilst you keepe
Incompast, with this solitude, a Widow,
You seeme, to voyce, to the ill-censuring world,
Some imperfection in your selfe ; some staine
Makes you unworthy of a second Match :
At lest, unworthy, of a worthy Husband,
And in th' opinion, (which is easily rais'd)
Question your Husbands judgement. — Or, it may be,

The

The Country Girl.

The estate he left you Lady ; — pulling so
Upon the Name, you strive to dignifie,
Disgrace, defames, and scandall.

O. Gent. Mark you that now ?

La. Mal. If you so lov'd him living, love him dead,
As I advise you Lady.

O. Gent. I, I, doc.

La. Mal. 'Tis the best Tomb-stone you can lay upon h.
The noblest Monument, you can erect ;
And to that Monument, an Epitaph,
Shall make him live for ever.

O. Gent. Law you there now ! — Shal make him live for ever !
You are not dumb tro ? — are you ?

La. Mal. Would thou wai't,
Or I had lost my hearing, — I can wish
Nothing more adverse to me, then your tongues :
And therefore, if your visits bring with them
Nothing, but these perswasions.

La. Mal. Keepe away.

O. Gent. Nay, as good speak't as think it. — Here's a
coyle for a Husband, I have had for mine owne part, — 1.
— 2. — 3. — 4. And yet if the fift come up handsomly to
me, — I know what I know, I warrant you.

La. Mal. How five ?

Enter M. William.

O. Gent. Fifteene, an the Destinies so have decreed it.

M. Wil. Madame, there be Suiters below would see you :
M. Rash, the Mercer ; — one *Plush,* a humorous Gallant ;
— and a spick and span new Suiter, a Country Gentleman,
— one, *M. Gregory Dwindle.*

O. Gent. Spruce *M. Rash* I know.

La. Mal. And I *M. Plush,* a notable humorous Coxcomb.
But what's that *Gregory* ?

M. Wil. Unknowne to me : but beleeve me, together,
They make up, a delicate motion. — Is your Ladiship pleas'd
to see 'em ?

La. Mal. Present your Motion some-where else, our griefes
give way to no such lightnesse.

M. Wil.

The Country Girl.

M. Wil. Very good. — I'll tell e'm what you say?

L. Mal. Pray stay a little.

I know these Suiters are but empty things;
Not worth one serious entertain; yet Sister,
I wo'd not have you beat e'm back, at dore:
Pray let e'm enter; Let e'm looke upon you.

La. Mos. Still your desire's, my anguish.

O. Gent. Come, come, pray. — You are so melancholly.

La. Mal. Why, their mirth — will be a means to cure you.

La. Mos. Kill me rather.

O. Gent. Goe, prethee bid e'm come.

La. Mos. Bid e'm be gone.

La. Mal. Nay, then, y'are too too cruell. — Prethee stay.

La. Mos. Nay, an you know no other merriment,
Then what you raise from my vexation, take it;
I will not hinder your desires; pray take it.

O. Gent. You will not leave us, will you?

La. Mos. Leave this roome.

La. Mal. And goe mew your selfe up in your Chamber?
An you will needs: — Let me entreat one favour.

L. Mos. Well, what is't?

L. Mal. That, in your absence you'd be pleas'd to let
Your wayting Gentlewoman, Mistris *Barbary*,
Appeare in your apparrell: Tis but slipping off
This upper garment; and this mourning Veile,
And shee's my Lady.

M. Wil. How? — My Bab, my Lady!

L. Mal. It will be sport to us; and to your selfe
A rare advantage Sister: for this trick
Keepes all your foolish Suiters at that distance,
Their trouble shall ne're touch you. — Will you?

O. Gent. Will you?

L. Mos. Though pleasure, be no pleasure to this bosome,
Since you propose th'acquittance of that trouble,
Your desire's granted.

L. Mal. But be speedie then
With your directions for her carriage in it, *Exit L. Mosly.*
And

The Country Girl.

And we shall fit 'em neatly. — Call e'm in.

O. Gent. Did you ever see such a self-will'd thing as this is?
— a widdow these two moneths, and yet not heare of a
Suiter.

Enter M. William, Rash, Plush,
and Gregory.

M. Wil. The Gentlemen, an't please you.

Greg. Yes indeed, an't please you.

O. Gent. Master *Rash*.

Rash. Your servant, good deed law, Gentlewoman.

L. Mal. Master *Plush*.

Plush. My name is *Plush*; Master my Title, and Sir, a Title,
that may be.

Greg. And my name is *Gregory* — (Lady ?

Plush. Pop : thy sound is out o' season. — But where's the

Rash. I, where's the Lady ?

Greg. Wee would see the Lady.

Plush. I hope she has done mourning now, — has she not?

Greg. Why, dos the Lady mourne ?

M. Wil. Indeed shee dos.

Greg. Tis a delicate thing to mourne. — Well, an my Fa-
ther wou'd but dye once !

Would we could see this Lady.

Enter Barbara, like her Lady, arm'd in
by M. William.

O. Gent. You have your wish already.

Rash. Beautilous Lady !

Plush. Most beaulious Lady !

Greg. Most beautifull Lady, that may be : for yet, I see no
such matter.

Plush. Thine eyes are veyld with ignorance, or else,
Through this thin veile, thou might'st, as we, — behold
Matter of admiration ! — You'll vouchsafe ; —
Not yet.

Bab. Alas : — upon their Captive heart,
My sorrowes yet have set too strong a Guard
For such delights to enter.

Plush. I could wish .

The Country Girl.

That Conquerour of thy heart, and all his Guard
Were visible, that I might challenge them.

M. Wil. I marry sir; that we e a challenge indeed.

Plush. Me thinks I could—doe—

La. Mal. What, doe you think you could doe Sir?

Plush. O—my most delicate Lady!

M. Wil. Doe, — his — most delicate Lady. — A terrible doe, indeed law.

O Gent. Well Lady; if this be the man shall have you,
You shall have a man, I can tell you.

Greg. If I be the man that shall have her,
Shee shall have a man, I can tell you.

O Gent. But, hee's a fighting man.

Greg. A fighting man? -- Let him play at the ancient weapon, an he were a Fencing man, I'll have a Bout with him.

La. Mal. The ancient weapon? — What weapon's that?

Greg. Why this? *His hand.* (deed Sir.

M. Wil. As wile, as valiant! 'tis the ancientst weapon in—

La. Mal. And why not this? *His Rapier.*

Greg. I am better acquainted with this.

Plush. Well, wee shall meet?

Greg. And meet agen:—Tell me of fighting Lady!

O Gent. I see you are valiant Sir; —and you are happy
In having so much valour as you see
Attend your beauty.

Bab. I must confesse them, worthy Gentlemen;
But they must pardon me: —the worth I ha' lost,
With my dead husband, is so full, and fresh,
Upon my understanding, that all else

Have yet but homely entertaine: — And yet,

Y'are welcom Gentlemen. — *All 3.* For that, we thank you.

Rash. We must hope still.

Greg. Well, an my Father would but dye once!
I live in hope too Lady.

M. Wil. You see their valour Sir: —and what's your weapon? (pon?

Rash. I am no man of the sword; —I have no weapon.

O. Gent. How Sir? — No weapon! — *M. Wil.* What should
you

The Country Girl.

you do in *Cupids* fencing Schoole, And have no weapon?

Rash. There was a time, — I could have crost a cudgell.

M. Wil. And that you Sir?

Rash. Good sooth sometimes I can tell you: — yet, if any man strike me, I have a weapon too Sir.

M. Wil. The coldest flint, has fire I see: What weapon?

Rash. One, that is indeed, — All weapons. —

Long-Sword; Sword and Dagger; — Sword and Buckler; Single Rapier, Rapier and Dagger; Case o' Rapiers; Halbert, Halfe-Pike; Quarter-Staffe; Short-Sword and Gauntlet; and that terrible Fly-flap, the Fauchion.

All. All these in one? — *Rash.* Or one that's worth all these; — and that, — in a word, is the Law Sir.

M. Wil. A terrible weapon indeed Sir.

Rash. There, let mee firk 'em, and jerk 'em: There, Let mee stand upon Tearmes; — There, Let me play the Master, and M. Atturny, my Vsher, and then, — with all the weapons in that School, have at 'em. *En. Sir Rob. and Sir Ol.*

M. Wil. This goes beyond your Rapier; or your ancient weapon, the Fist. *L. Mal.* Body o' me, my husband, and Sir Oliver. *Bab.* What's to be done? *L. Mal.* Doe, as thou hast done Wench. *O. Gent.* Play the Lady, a little longer. *L. Mal.* Handfomly *Bab.* and I'll promise thee, it shall cost me a Chamblert Pettycoat.

Bab. I'll do't as well as I can then.

Sir Rob. Come, come, we will speake, and speed too, my Knight, of a thousand *per annum*, where's this mourning Lady? — What, my *Madona*? — and my Lady Littleworth. Hoyday? This *Covy* of Coxcombs too!

Rash. Sir Robert. *Sir Rob.* One. — *Plu.* Kind Sir Robert,

Sir Rob. Two. — *Greg.* Worthy Sir Robert. — *Sir Rob.* Three, yet never a wise word amongst 'em. — What, still in Dumbes, and dolors? — An ye were as heavy as Lead, 'twas but a light trick of you to deny Accessse to such a brave man as this is, and allow't to such Mimicks as these are. — Death, I could kick e'm out o' the roome. And you, though you bee my wives sister, for lodging such baseness within you.

The Country Girle.

O. Gent. Why, you are not out of your wits ?

Sir Rob. You have no wit to be out of. Gentlemen, you are all — Hobbyhorses. An it please you, to leave the house now; and come agen, — when you are sent for, — you shal be — heartily glad, to be welcome.

L. Mal. You see his humour Gentlemen ; pray leave us.

M. Wil. There's no resisting of him ; for he has Rapier, fist, the law, and all, for any man, that shall thwart him.

Greg. Why, but I hope —

L. Mal. Not one word more, an you love me.

M. Wil. Off, ere the flame grow higher. — *Exit the 3.*

Sir Rob. Come, take my counsell, and forget him.

Bab. Never.

Sir Oli. Still looking downward, to your husbands grave?

Bab. To those that weare so sad a suit as this,
The Grave's the glasse they use to deck e'm by.
Pray give me leave.

L. Mal. Shee dos it to a haire.

Sir Rob. Prethee look up a little ; — I can shew thee
A Glasse, shall shew thee better things ; — a Glasse,
That shall reflect, no such affrighting shadowes —

Sir Oli. Nor shadowes (beautious Lady) but the same
True, and essentiall comforts.

Bab. O. — O. — O. *M. Wil.* Excellent, mourning Lady.

Sir Rob. The Nuptiall knot, binds loving Paires together,
Only for terme of life, has no extent
O're the divorce of Death.

Bab. Pray, pray no more.

Sir Oli. That onely binds the living to the living,
And not the living to the dead. (ments,

Sir Rob. That flesh that has a soul within it, the indow-
And excellencies, bounteous Heaven bestowes,
To that, has nothing but the frightfull shape,
And key-cold figure of a man.

Sir Oli. Yet this,
While thus, you dote upon your husbands dust,
You doe sweet Lady ; and this beauty bind

The Country Girl.

To stench, and corruption; so imposing
Upon your selfe *Mezentius* cruelty.

Bab. You have my resolution; so, pray leave me.

Sir Oli. An you be buried in your Husbands grave,
I see my suit must dye too.

Sir Rob. Yes, and let it

Forever, Let it die to her, and live

To one that better shall deserve it: come,

I'll bring thee, though shee be mine owne *Madona's* Sister,
My Knight, of a thousand *per annum*, to her betters: — one
that is younger, fairer, richer, and it may be, — Honester
too Sir.

L. Mal. How Sir Robert? Honester. *O. Gent.* Honester?

Sir Rob. An shee prostrate her selfe to a set o' Morris-
dancers; — and neglect such a *Cesar* as this is. — Come
Sir Oliver, come, let's away.

L. Mal. Nay, but heark you, heark you Sir Robert; and
worthy Sir Oliver; that you may see this Lady,
Is not the woman that you take her for;
Looke, doe you know this Lady?

Sir Rob. How, Mistris Bab?

Sir Oli. My Ladies Chambermaid!

M. Wil. A trick o' mirth they put upon these Coxcombs.

Sir Rob. Were you my Lady?

Bab. So, your Lady would have it, Sir Robert.

Sir Rob. Why, god-a-mercie faith.

M. Wil. There's all the comfort they are like to have.

L. Mal. This cloud's like *Juno*; the poore shadow Sir.
The substance, wee'll court for you.

Sir Rob. My Lady Bab. — How like you this Sir Oliver?

Sir Oli. This change, has put some life into me Sir.

And I must tell you, betterd my opinion

Both of the Ladies wisdom, and her goodnesse.

Sir Rob. But heark you wife, may we not see my Sister?

L. Mal. Faith, yet her temper is not as Wee'd have it:
But we shall win her by degrees, and turne
Her melancholy to a sprightly humour.

The Country Girl.

O. Gent. A day, or two dayes passage.

Sir Rob. Come *Sir Oliver*.

Meane time wee'll see what mirth my house can yield
To entertaine you with. — A ha, my Girl!

Why such a Wench is worth her weight in Pearle. *Exit.*

M. Wil. Well, thou hast played my Lady, like a Lady.
I have a trick from this conceit, to doe,
Shall make us sport, and help thy swelling too. *Exit.*

Act. 2.

*Enter old Thrashard, and Margaret his daughter,
neatly drest.*

Margaret.

Sir, I have spoke my danger.

Thra. A dangerous case beleeeve me.

And yet, me thinks, there's no great danger neither.

For, say a man offer to blowe thee up with Love-powder,
If his traine lie so open, you may see it, you have the wit I
hope to shun it; — h'an't you.

Marg. I have done hitherto. (longer?)

Thra. And doest thou feare, — thou shalt hold out no

Marg. Sir, I doe not.

For, all the pollicies, and power he has,
Can ne're prevaile to conquest. — No, tho feare

Be to our Sex a common attribute;

In such a fight as this, my resolution

Has that Heroick temper, I dare meet

My death, e're my dishonour: — my dishonour!

For vertue's vertue, in what breast soere,

And her great splendour, equall.

Thra. Splend? — Heyday!

But to the point, what is he? — Do I know him?

Mar. Yes, if you know *Sir Robert Malory*,
Your Landlord Father.

Thra.

The Country Girl.

Thra. How Sir Robert?

(disguise)

Marg. He: — Sometimes, — (tho clouded in a course
He layes temptations to mine care himselfe :
Sometimes by deputy ; sometimes by Letters;
And sometimes by rich gifts. — As if that Jemme
(Once gone) can never be bought back againe,
Were to be sold so basely. — Here's my fore,
Assist me in the remedie.

Thra. Sir Robert !

He ayme against thy chastity ? Alas.
Has he bestowed upon thine Infancie,
That care, and cost, that he has done ? — Maintain'd thee
Among his owne ? — Fed thee among his owne ?
Apparel'd thee, as he has cloth'd his owne ?
In the same Schoole , in the same qualities,
Had thee instructed with his owne ? — Has he
So beautified thy mind ? — So grac'd thy body !
So many yeares in his owne house ! — And now —
(So close his favours follow thee) — does he
Maintaine thee here ? — Here in this homely Roofe,
A starre to that poore glimmering candle light,
My poverty could afford thee ! — And for this,
Is this the best you can returne him ?

Marg. No — Father, for these should I forget to pay,
The most obsequious duties I can tender,
'Twere just in heaven I should forget my selfe.

Thra. Had this beene spoke of any other man.
I might have lent an eare to't : — but, Sir Robert !
Noble Sir Robert ! — that brave man, Sir Robert !
Our bountious Benefactor ! — Say he have
Scatter'd some words ith' way of merriment,
Some pleasant, idle, — wanton, — what d' yee call t ?
Sprinkled a little Bawdry in his speech ?
(As Courtiers may, and ne'r be question'd for it)
That cuts not off a Maydenhead. — Nay, perchance
The merriment, that you interpret lust,
Was his meere love to vertue.

Marg.

The Country Girl.

— *Marg.* Vertue!

Thra. Yes. — Tis my conceit, that all his talk, — his Letters, and all the gifts he sent thee, were imployed, Ith' way of triall: — Not to make thee naught; But, so to sound thy goodnesse.

Mar. Sound my goodnesse!

Thra. Not to o'recome thy chastity; but to try If any other should assaile the Fort,
How stoutly thoud'lt maintaine it,

Marg. Think you so?

I'll think so too then Father: — Let him try me.

But jest, or earnest, he shal ne'r come nye me. (*Ent. Gillian.*)

Gil. Why, this is fine, you have the golden time on't.

Thra. What golden time? — You'll still be scolding.

Gil. Scolding! — Mary come up Mistris Jinnie-Finnie;
We cannot speak to you, but we scold. — Well, I say little.

Thra. Nothing at all were better.

Gil. But I'll say something; Has a woman a tongue to say nothing?

Marg. Prethee be patient Sister.

Gil. Yes I waun't you. I must wash, and scowre; And Brew, and Bake, and doe this thing, — and doe that thing; and doe every thing; while such a beautifull Blowse as you are, must sit still o' your taile, and doe nothing.

Thra. Why, dost thou not see her at her work?

Gil. At work! — A geate peyce o' work, a deed law! — Prick, prick, prick. — As if shee had nothing in the world to mind — but Prick, Prick, Prick. — But 'tis no matter, — tis but my hard fortune; I am a foole indeed, and so you make me.

Thra. What, what, a shower after this peale of thunder?
— Nay, doe not crie good *Gillian.* *Enter Abr'am.*

Abr. O, Father, Father.

Thra. Now Boy, what newes with you now? (*bert*)

Abr. Brave newes Father. — News of the brave Sir Ro-

Mar. Pursue me still? — Good Father give me leave,
While hee's come in, and gone agen. —

Thra.

The Country Girl.

Thra. What leave? (house :

Mar. To absnt my selfe; — but in some neighbours
I have a trick to passe him — You may tell him,
I'm gone to London.

Abr. When I have told him already, you are here in the
Parlor a sewing.

Thra. Come, y'are a Baggage; y'ar a foolish Baggage,
To injure with such frivolous suspitions,
A Gentleman of his repute, and goodnesse!
Come, let me heare no more on't.

Abr. Sister *Gillian*, — I have the rarest newes for you!

Gil. For me 'tis wel; — And what newes have you got for me

Abr. Skipping newes, lipping newes, tripping newes. (Sir?

Gil. How, Dancing brother *Abr'am*? — Dancing!

Abr. Prancing, advancing, dancing!

Nay, 'tis a Match; — a Match upon a Wager.

Gil. A Match. — Who be they?

Abra. Why, all the Maids of our Town *Edmonton*,
And all the mad Wenches of *Waltam*. (Brother?

Gil. A Match, and leave me out? — When, when is't

Abra. Mary, ee'n this morning; — they are now going
to't, helter skelter. *A Treble playes within.*

Gil. And leave me out? — Where brother *Abram*? where?

Abr. Why there, Sister *Gillian*; there. — At our owne
dore almost: On the Greene there, close by the May-pole.
Heark, you may heare them hither.

Gillian dances and sings.

Gil. Ta la la la leero, ta la, la leero — &c.

An I be not one. — — — *Exit.*

Abra. Thou't never be two, i think; — For on my con-
science, there is no man that knowes her, has valour enough,
to come neere her.

Thra. Why, well said Girl, keepe but that resolution,

Enter Sir Robert Malcry.

And let his purposes, be what they can,

They cannot hurt thee. — Look, hee's come already. (Tennant.

Sir Rob. Good morrow Tennant; — good morrow beautiful

D

Thra.

The Country Girl.

Thra. As much to my worthy Landlord.

Abra. As much to my worthy Landlord.

Sir Rob. My Tennant *Abra'm*! — God-a-mercy good Tennant *Abra'm*.

I want your welcome faire one.

Mar. Sir, you are welcome.

Sir Rob. Had this bin spoke, with smiles upon thy cheek,
I durst have sworne the Syllables had beene
The Language of thy heart; thy heart, sweet *Peggy*.
What, still so adverse to my pleasure? — Tennant —
And my young Tennant; — shall I crave the Roome?
I have something to deliver from my Lady,
That she would have a secret to the Eare
Of any, But faire *Margaret*.

Thra. The Roome?

Our poverty possesses nothing Sir,
But what is yours; you may command it. — Come.

Abra. I smell my Landlord; but, — no words but mum.

Exit Thrash, and Abram.

Sir Rob. Still, still this cloud upon thy brow sweet *Peg*?
You know my minde.

Mar. And you know mine Sir *Robert*.

Sir Rob. I meane, I love thee, my sweet *Peggy*.

Mar. Doe you? — Not halie so well as I love you.

Sir Rob. Love me!

Then there's some hope agen. — Why, god-a-mercy,
Let's see how handsomly thou't give thy body
To my embraces Girl. — How, fy e'm *Peg*?
Not kisse me neither? — such a thing deni'd,
How canst thou say thou lovest me?

Mar. Yes Sir *Robert*:

I love you in your Name: your Reputation;
The dignity you carry in your yeares;
The goodnesse should goe with e'm; — In your Lady;
I love you Sir, ith' faire Benevolence
You owe her vertues.

Sir Rob. Hoy day; -- Love me quotha! -- Nay, come, come.

Mar. I love you in your vows.

Those

The Country Girl.

Those Nuptiall vowes, that whilst you live should live
Unstain'd between you: — In a word *Sir Robert*,
I love you in that purity, — that shall,
When death shall threaten your last minute to you,
Make you look boldly on him; smile upon him;
And in conclusion, seale you, one of those,
That, from this veyle of trouble, he conveyes
To th' purity of Angels: — Thus, I love you.

Rob. This is not that I look for: heark you *Margaret*;
Your Father is my Tennant.

Mar. Sir, he is.

Sir Rob. Nay, since you vrge it, let me tell you Minion,
He's not my Tennant, neither; but my Beadsman.

Mar. And like an humble Beadsman, in his Prayers
Remembers all your Charity.

Sir Rob. He does: — But you forget it faire one.

Mar. Then let heaven,
Whence we Petition, the Reward it merits,
Forget me too.

Sir Rob. Is't not forgetfulnesse
When all the love, — the tender cares, and cost,
That from thy Infancie, to this Ripe groweth,
I have bestowed upon you, cannot gaine me
Such a request as this is!

Mar. This? Alas.

Your greatest gaine's in losing. — Nay, I'll tell you,
The love, the care, — that cost, that Noble breeding,
That seemes to you a winning Argument,
Is my best Argument against you.

Sir Rob. How?

Mar. Why Sir, the Education; — that faire breeding
You have bestowed upon my poverty,
Has made me what I am: — So copiously
Furnish'd my soule, with all that best adorne her,
That whatsoever's in opposition to't,
Has no admittance to her; — Neere her; — No, —
But, — most deservedly, doe rank themselves

The Country Girl.

With things, that most displease her. -- Such a thing, -- is —

Sir Rob. What? — My Love?

Mar. No, but your lust *Sir Robert*. — I am bold,
But I can kneele to beg your mercy for it. (Kneele.

Sir Rob. What, she imagines water to my flame,
Is oyle t' encreas't: the more she puts me off,
The more she pulls me to her. — Come, come rise,
Though you be so unkind; -- Come, prethee kis me. *Kis her.*
Why, God a mercy *Peg*; — agen, agen;
Why, this is somewhat yet: Wee must not look
At once, to have so great a happinesse
As that we ayme at. We must use degrees.
Lock me, once more, in thy embrace, and busse me,
And then. —

Mar. What then?

Sir Rob. For this time *Peg* I'll leave thee. —
What, leave thee, and leave nothing with thee Wench?
Nay, that were foule play *Peggy*: there, — Nay, take it.
Indeed you shall.

Mar. Indeed, indeed I wonot:
For any service, I can doe you *Sir*,
Your favour's price sufficient. — No, not yet?
I see, mine eye's a *Remora*: — I ha't.
How I forget my duty? — Here so long,
And ne'r a Chaire to ease you? — *Abra'm*, — Brother.
Pray pardon me *Sir Robert*. *Enter Abram.*

Sir Rob. How, a Chaire? — Kinder, and kinder still.

Mar. Come, come, a Chaire there for *Sir Robert*. (a Chaire,

Abra. She pitties your standing *Sir Robert*. — But I have
Almost at my fingers end. — Look you *Sir*,
Will it please you. Bum this Cushion?

Sir Rob. How, Bum it i'ennant?

Abra. Yes, Bum it Landlord: — Looke you *Sir*, o' this
fashion. *Sit.*

Mar. Come, you'll be foolish stil. — You know my mind.
Goe, bring e'm in. *Whisper.*

Abr. An I bring e'm not in, let *Sir Rob.* kick me out. *Exit.*
Mar.

The Country Girl.

Mar. Lord, how forgetfull I have beene Sir Robert?
But, I beseech your pardon.

Sir Rob. Pardon thee?
And seal't upon thy lip; -- Come prethee sit. *Treble within.*
Nay, nay, sit by me; -- Ne'r a stoole? -- Sit here then.

Mar. Be fairely civill Sir; -- Nay, good Sir Robert.

Sir Rob. How now, -- what's that?

Mar. Musick Sir Robert. (strings,

Sir Rob. Musick? -- Rot on their fiddle, and their fiddle
Thou art my Musick. -- Hoyday, here's a Morice.

Enter six Country Wenches, all red Pettycoates, white stick'd Bodies, in their Smock-sleeves, the Fidler before them, and Gillian, with her Tippet up, in the midst of them dancing. Abram with e'm.

Gil. You see we swet to make your Worship merry.
How doe you like our pastime?

Sir Rob. I like it so well, I could wish you were further off with't.

Mayds. Have we this for our kindnesse Sir Robert?

Gil. Mary, come up Sir Robert.

Sir Rob. Nay, there's no talking to e'm.
Come, in the heat, and height, of all her kindnesse!

Mar. Shall I entreat you, Leave the Roome?

Mayds. The Roome!

Abra. So she sed: but I know shee meanes no such matter, -- onely a trick:

Tell her, you wonnot goe.

Mar. Pray leave the Roome.

Mayds. We wonnot.

Mar. Wonnot?

Maid. No.

Peg. Wee were sent for in; and wee wonot goe out again yet.

Mayd. An your Knighthood were --

Peg. -- A 1000 pounds purchase.

The Country Girl.

Sir Rob. Hoyday, they'l bayt me,--and they wonot I must.

Gil. Out? — Marry gip there, ne'r a good inch of a thousand.— Fidler, strike.

I strike you else; —and cut your begging bowstrings.

Sir Rob. I must be gone I see: these miserably impudent stallions—Do but remember me, as I shall thee; —and -- Nothing grieves me, — but —

Mar. But what *Sir Robert*?

Sir Rob. That, —we cannot kisse at parting — *Exit.*

Gil. Come, --wee'll een have the tother bout, --and then, --

Mar. Nay, wee'll no more at this time there's enough.

Gil. For you: — But 'tis not enough for me then: You shall command us, shall you?

Mar. Nay, be not angry Sister:

'Tis no command, but my entreat: — Good Sister.

Peg. Well, since you entreat me, and seem to know your betters, —you shall have your will, for once. — Fid. lead the way; — and Wenches follow your Leader.

Exit Fid. and the Maids.

Abr/Leader. — An scolding were fighting, what a Leader wouldst thou be *Gillian*? — Thoudst bring 'em on, with a poulder. O Father, Father.

Enter old Thrahard.

Thra. Ne'r a wise word, for a wager. — *Sir Robert's* gone I see.

Mar. Yes Sir, he is.

Thra. And how do'st find him *Girl*? I doe not think The man, that thy suspicion seem'd to make him.

Mar. You have a good opinion of him Father, And, I'll not stand to crosse it.

Thra. Nay, nay, come; In plaine termes, tell me how didst find him? — ha?

Mar. As good conceal't, and languish, as reveal't, And find no comfort.

Thra. Th'art a pettish thing: And — I'm afraid, have beene distastfull to him: I'm halfe afraid on't *Girl*: — we must be wise; By's fiown we fall Wench; by his favours rise,

*Exeunt.
Enter*

The Country Girl.

*Enter Sir Oliver Bellingham, and the
Lady Mosely.*

Sir Oli. Distilling still, salt water to deface
That Master-peece of Nature? — Can the heart
Thus feast it selfe, upon the Baine of hearts?
For such is grieve sweet Lady.

Lady. Good enough,
To make this flesh as my dead Husbands is,
A banquet to corruption.

Sir Oli. Still that Note?
Touch onely that dull string of death?

Lad. When life
Would willingly exchange it selfe with Death,
What Musick sweeter?

Sir Oli. I must tell you Lady,
I thought the Musick of your Husbands end,
Those heavenly Notes he entertain'd it with,
Taught him by Angels, had instructed you,
To looke upon that Being that he has,
As hee's a glorious Chorister with them!
And not upon that Burden of the flesh
Left in the Grave behind him. — Or at least,
Not so, to looke upon your Husband dead,
As thus, to dye your selfe. For what is't, while
Of Lifes best hopes, you shall your Life deprive,
But what I tell you? — to be dead, alive.

Lad. Sir, as I am, pray leave me.

Sir Oli. Only so? — Out-ryvald by the dead.

Lad. To me hee lives:

And in so vive a figure, every houre's
Presented to me, that I feele no lesse
Command o're my affections in that shape;
Nor lesse Attraction of my duty to it,
Then when he had that hear, gave all those parts,
That now lye uselesse, their peculiar motion.
Nay, so that shape is imprest upon my soule,
That he appears so really mine owne,

The Country Girl.

As, all the embraces of a second Match
Would stick upon me, like the leproous stains
Of Lust, and bane Adultry. In a word,
That figure fills this bosome: — And in this
Pray understand the vaineresse of your suit,
And so, conclude it.

Sir Oli. This command upon it,
It dies, though I dye with it. — Yet thus much Lady,
I have not, in this eagerness of Suit,
Pursued, what's yours, But you. — The gifts of Fortune;
The state your birth allowed you; or th'addition,
By your lost husband, left you; But the indowments
Of your faire soule, — your virtues, — And of those
The amplest Dower, (I cannot flatter here)
Beauty was ever blest withall! These Lady
Have beene the object of my Love.

Lad. A Love,
That, could I love, I should ee'n dote upon;
And in a Title, farre beneath your owne,
Prefer t, above all Title; though it came
Roab'd in the state of Princes. — But —

Sir Oli. No more.
I have my answer, and am married.

Lad. Married!

Sir Oli. As you are Madam; never to be married:
Be that the witness of my Love.

Lad. Admir'd!
I should not be a woman, should I not
Love such a Love as this is!

Sir Oli. Doe you Lady?
Then, I revoke that Vow, and dare embrace you.

Lad. But understand me Sir; I love your Love:
And — as your selfe, have pleas'd to speak of me
Those singular Vertues, it is built upon:
That, I am fixt on; with that estimate,
That, next the memory of my dead husband,
It shall be my best comfort. — Thus I love you;

But,

The Country Girl.

But, must not marrye.

Sir Oliver. I ha' done. — Yet Lady
In this ; — this purest, Imateriall things
There may be made a contract ; and the assurance
Of such a Love, as this is, Interchang'd
And fairelie seald betweenc vs.

Lad. Sir, how meane you ?

(grave,

Sir Oli. Fair'st, you have vowed your widowhood to the
At least, you have so protested : yet because
Our hearts, and purposes, are not our owne ;
And, that no Bosome has that Constancie,
But Heav'ns may alter, the resolve it has,
And make it follow, what it fled ; — it may.
My Love Petitions, that if ere hereafter,
You find that alteration, in your soule,
And againe Fancie Wedlocke, — I — your servant,
May — for that second hapinesse to heaven,
Stand fair'st in your Election.

Lad. Pray no more.

Sir Oli. Give my request an answer : — If you doe.

Lad. A fruitlesse promise : and suppose it made,
This would but — —

Sir Oli. What ? — I vnderstand you Lady.
It shall not make me bolder, in my suite ;
Nor prompt my love, in any treacherous way
To gaine, what it so followes. — No ; I know
The man, would basely, compasse such a Ioy,
Like him that fishes with a poyson'd Bayte,
Infects the meat should feed him. — fair'st, I wo't not ;
Nor vex you with one syllable ; but Live,
Vowed, like your selfe, till such a change shall be
To amorous Language, silent. — Is it graunted ?
If my best thoughts merit but this, expresse it

Lad. That satisfaction take. — If ere I Marry
It shall be you ; so helpe me heav'n.

Sir Oli. To which

I am rapt in this sweete tone. — If ere I know

The Country Girl.

The sweetes of Hymen, I must find'em here ;
So helpe me heav'n ! — So, we are married now :
And in this Ioy I leave you. *Enter the Lady Malorie, and*
La. Mal. What *Sir Oliver* ? going *the old Gentlewoman.*
As we are entring ?

O. Gen. Does your Lady, drive you hence with a frowne ?
Sir Oli. My smiles may tell you, here has bin no frowning.
Shee's faire and noble ; and in these sweet hopes, *Enter Sir*
That she has given me, I am pleased. *Rob. Malorie.*

O Gen. 'Tis well.

Sir Rob. A vengeance of all morrice dauncers
I am sure, they h'a mar'd, my dancing : that delicate dance
That I should have had with my tenant.

Sir Oli. All Ioy be with you Ladies ; I must leave you.

Sir Rob. Here's a rub in your way a while, my brave
Knight, of a 1000. *per Annum.*

And how do't find her ? — is she comming ? ha ?

Sir Oli. You see my hope : yet smiles upon my cheek.
Let them resolve you sir.

Sir Rob. I vnderstand you :

Why ? god a mercy sister : when's the day ?

Sir Oli. Nay, question that no farther, we shall talk on't.

O Gen. When a things done, 'tis done.

Sir Rob. You'd faine be doing to then. *Enter Mr. William*

O. Gent. Wo'd I not ?

Do you think I am all dead flesh ? — I warrant you.

Sir Rob. Now *Mr. William* ? — what good tidings now sir ?

Mr. Wi. My newes is, worthie sir, that *Mullinex*

That stout sea Captaine, is return'd from sea :

Is come to London, and that yesterday

He was upon th' Exchange.

Sir Rob. *George Mullinex* ?

Mr. Wi. That Gentleman : — and but this morning Lady,
He was seene at the Phanix, in fleet-street.

Sir Rob. Body o'me I should have told you so — but, I
Have such a Memory — I

O. Oli. How is't ? — ha ? — you lose colour Madam.

O Gent,

The Country Girl.

O Gent. Lady. *La. Mal* Sister

Sir Oli. Bespew the name, and owner of that name
That has disturbed you. — what's that name to you?

La. Mos. Sir, nothing but my trouble.

Sir Rob. A troublesome Captaine indeed sir;
A sutor once, in her virgin dayes
And Rivall to her husband, *Sir James Mosely.*
But, mis'd the marke he aynd at — he shot faire;
But *Mosely* fairer. — upon which, *Sir Oliver*
He went to sea; where having bin three yeares,
And now Returning, hearing, (as it seemes)
That she's a widow, hee'd renew his suite,
Give her a broad-side sir, and boord her! Nay
Yave a hot Ryvall, I can tell you that:
One that will Quarrel; — fight — and — by my fay —
I'm halfe afraid of danger.

Sir Oli. If he be not,
All valour, and no judgement, I feare none;
And yet, that heate, that has not judgement with it,
Cannot be counted valour, but a rash
Unknowing wilnesse, — which I wo't thinke
Him guilty of; — But, whatsoe'r he be,
I'll be, but what becomes me.

O. Gent. Leave the Roome.

La. Mal. Good truth now, but you shall not.

Sir Oli. Leave the Roome? — What feare you Lady?

La. Mos. I have cause enough,
For hee'll but trouble me with that, heaven knows
I have no mind to heare of.

Sir Oli. If he have
No power upon you Lady by some promise,
Formerly past betweene you —

La. Mos. I had never,
That unprepar'dnesse in me, to doe that
In cause of such a Consequence as this,
And breake it sir.

Sir Oli. Such Beauty, and untruth

The Country Girl.

Were ne're comoanions: 'tis beleev'd.

L. Mal. Come, come,

It may be, some new Beautie has him now:

Some Forraigne Mistris.

Enter Rash, Plush, and

Sir Rob. Or, it may be sister,

Gregorie.

This time of service in the warres, had made him

Onely in love, with fighting.

La. Mose. More vexation?

Sir Rob. This Mountaine, bring forth a Mouse!

Have we talk'd all this while of a Captaine,

And now, must be troubled, with Coxcombs?

Plu. The gods, protect you Lady.

O Gen. Thanke you sir.

Plu. I spoake to that sweet Beauty.

(*impoyment,*

O gen. But I must speake to you sir; for you see she has other

Pray, stand aside a little.

Plu. If I must — I shall attend her leasure.

O Gen. You must attend her too sir: — doe you not see, shee's busie?

Rash. I would not interrupt her.

Greg. I would not interrupt her? — Is that the resolution of
Let me come to her. (a Lover?

Sir Oli. But, you shall not sir.

Greg. Why? if I shall not sir, — I wo't not sir.

Sir Rob. Is that the resolution of a Lover? *Enter Capt. Mul-*

Greg. A man can do, no more then a can do, *lynex rushing in*
But, an my father would but dye once! *by Mr. William*

Capt. Make nyce to me of entrance? *and others.*

Where's the Widow?

For so I heare shee's now: what mourning still?

I'm a bold gamester: — Save you all at once,

All suiters Gentlemen?

Rash. Yes indeed sir; we are all suitors.

Sir Rob. Y'are a little too rash in that sir; I am none.

Capt. And, what, are you sir?

Rash. Why sir, — I am, — a Citizen, and a Mercer.

Capt. A Citizen, and a Mercer, — Cheapside?

Sir Rob.

The Country Girl.

Sir Rob. No Captain; --but he's perfect in his Pater noster.

Capt. One of that row? — I know't sir.

Sir Rob. Not very farre from it: — In Creed sir.

Capt. Does he beleeve? that's seldome found in a Broker.

Rash. How sir, — a Broker?

Capt. I know you, by this wheele. — you have a great many Bags, and a great many buildings to sir, — But, dare you for all that, presume in the way of Matrimonic, to looke so high as a Lady?

Rash. He that can purchase a Lordship —

Capt. Thinks, he may purchase a Ladiship: -- you my Rivall? Can you fight sir?

Rash. It may be I, it may be no sir.

Cap. Then I'll try, whether you can or no sir. *Kick him and*
Not a word, as you love your Coxcombe, *thrust him out.*

Sir Rob. Nay, let him alone; let him alone, I beseech you, For hitherto he has done but Justice.

Capt. Are you a Suiter too sir?

Plu. Too sir?

Capt. Y'are an Assie sir: — Can you fight?

Plu. Fight? in a Ladyes chamber?

Capt. Why, where would you fight sir?

Plu. Why, the truth on't is; -- I would -- fight, -- no where.

Capt. Why, I thought as much; -- and therefore, — I will kick you — any where; good master outside of a Gentleman; follow your valiant Leader.

O. Gen. You will not kill him, will you? *Kick him out.*

Capt. Ha' you so much Tongue, and nev'r a good Tooth, Madam Fumble!

O. Gen. Fumble, fumble I — y'are a most —

Sir Rob. Peace, an you love your old Carkasse, — peace.

La Mose. You bind me to a patience — (right,

Sir Rob. Nay, good Sister: — He does you a great deale a And saves me a great deale of labour. For I should have don't, if he had not.

Capt. One post support another? — What are you sir?

Greg. Why, — I am — a Gentleman. —

The Country Girl.

Capt. Will your Arms beare you out in the Title ?

Greg. My Legs, shall beare me out sir.

Capt. Then — you wo' not be beat out — as they were ?

Greg. — Beat, I should be very loath to be beaten ?

Capt. — good truth, I thinke you would sir.

Greg. Doe I looke like one that would be beaten ?

Capt. An you stay, you must.

Greg. Why therefore, — I meane, — to be gone sir. — But —
If my father, — would but dye once. — *Kicke him out.*

La Mos. You see his rudenesse : — to prevent the danger,
It threatens, and may execute, — pray leave us.

Sir Oli. I will not adde to his too prodigall heate,
Nor be so cold to feare it.

La Mos. 'Tis my Love —

Sir Oli. And mine to tarry, — not offending you
I th' humble contradiction.

Cap. Are these your suiters Lady ?

La. Mal. A little in jeast; — but you ha' paid 'em in earnest.

O. Gen. I did but speake, in the way of compassion & pity,
— and your Lordship cal'd me, — Madam fumble, fumble,
Did I ever fumble wo you sir ? (fumble I

Capt. Be wise in being silent,

I heare you have lost a Husband : — How is't Widow ?

O. Gen. You'l quarrell with her too, will you ?

Capt. You are so nyce :

I cannot Complement, kisse your white hand,

And feare upon you. — I can kisse thy lip.

Hug thee, and tell thee, I must ly with thee.

La. Mos. There may be those of your acquaintance Captain,
To whom this language wou'd be musique : — But
To let you know how ill't appeares to me,
I'll change my roome sir.

Capt. But you shall not Madam.

Sir Oli. You lay too rude a violence, upon
The tenderesse of Ladyes.

Capt. Doe I so sir ?
I thanke your kind remembrance, — you the man ?

This

The Country Girl.

This Ladyes only man sir?

Sir Oli. My desire's, — you would not be uncivill.

Capt. What so ere

My will produces, I shall justifie.

Sir Oli. That power maintaines offence, is weaknesse sir,
And has no tast of breeding, or of manhood.

Capt. I'll make you tast of something.

Sir Rob. But you sha' not

Enter Mr. William, & Cunt.

Have we no servants neere us?

La. Mos. Save him, help.

O. Gent. O, y' are a wicked Captaine.

Cunt. What? naked weapons in a Ladyes chamber?

Sir Ro. Take her in, — poore Lady,

Exit La. Mosley.

How she's frighted?

Enter Hugh.

Hugh. My Noble Knight and Master.

Sir Oli. We haue done sir.

Hu. An you ha' done, there's nothing to doe; — If nothing to do, — the lesse to care for; — the lesse to care for, — the soulder we sleepe: — and asleepe, we thinke no body hurt sir. — And so — having done, I have done. *Exit.*

Capt. You have the advantage of me.

Sir Oli. I must tell you,

This rudenesse, better would become the field
Then such a place as this.

Capt. That you may know;

I know as much, as you instruct me to,

Meet me to morrow. — You conceive me.

Sir Oli. Where?

Capt. Where? — as your selfe have most discreetly said,
My valour would shew better: — in the field sir.

Sir Oli. I understand you; — understand withall,

A life, a thing too pretious, to be put
On such a desperate hazard.

Cap. Desperate hazard?

Sir Oli. You have not moved me to that heat, that give you
One mis-bebecoming syllable: — much lesse
Provoke, to what you urge.

Capt.

The Country Girl.

Capt. You wo' not ?

Sir Oli. No.

Capt. As good h'a said you dare not.

Sir Oli. Dare not ? — What ?

Capt. Not be a man.

Sir Oli. You better might ha' fed

I dare not, dare my Maker ; — and un-make

My selfe, or you rash Captaine, — 't may be both ;

'T is to be thought on, if we meet.

Capt. It is

Pretty Apologic ; All Cowards, use it.

Sir Oli. How, Cowards ?

Capt. Coward.

Sir Oli. How his lunacie

Has shot it selfe into my Blood ? — a Coward !

Proclaime me, what you call me, if I be

Capt. You'll meet me then ?

Sir Oli. I will.

Capt. Where thou, or I.

Sir Oli. Nay, - if you break so violently out *Here Sir Robert*

I shall suspect, 't is to prevent our meeting : *Malory and his*

For Manhood covers such intents as these *Lady returne,*

Under a friendly seeming : — thus. — *Embraces betweane*

Capt. Enough. *them.*

Sir Rob. I marry Gentlemen, I like this close.

La. Mal. Beleeve me, I was jealous of worse matters.

Sir Ro. And I, ne'r trust me else,

Capt. Of what, *Sir Robert ?*

Sir Rob. I thought you had made some Quarrell.

Sir Oli. Quarrell ? no — this is no quarrelling Posture.

La. Mal. Nay, nay, Gentlemen ; so fight and spare not.

Sir Ro. I'll so fight and spare not.

Capt. You know the place, and time sir. *Enter Cut, & whi-*

Sir Oli. You shall find I'll forget neither. *Speer wish his Lady.*

Capt. You see my length.

Sir Oli. Which I shall equall.

Capt. So. —

Now,

The Country Girl.

Now, Beauteous widow : — Is she gone ?
I have no Courtship to pursue her with,
Nor will I offer it : — but, Let me tell you,
He that best hopes her Favour, if he have it ;
He must bid fayer for it then this sword,
And so I leave you.

Exit.

L. Mal. A good riddance of you

Sir Rob. How is it sir ? — your eye speakes trouble still.

Sir Oli. Sir, if it doe, 'tis onely what it has,
From your faire sisters trouble, — I must leave you
Till better houres invite me to returne,
My Love and service to you.

Sir Rob. Nay sir *Oliver*,
Our wayes, — a Little way, Lye both together ;
And so farre, we'll be so

Ex. the two Knights.

L. Mal. I'll possible ?

Be sure, you raise not this suspicion, sir
From your owne fancie, Looke the ground be good ;
The matter's weighry ; — Looke it be, y'are best.

Cut. I tell you, but the voyce in *Edmonton*. — which is
That Mistris *Margaret*, is his modicum.
His sweet-meat ; - his recreation ; and the onely Instrument,
He loves to play upon.

L. Mall. Indeed sir *Robert* ?

Cut. Whether she, like waxe
Havet'ane th' impression of his seale, or no,
I know not

Lady. That he is often at her Fathers house
That he allowes his povertie some mounce :
That he maintaines the wench, as one that sometimes
His charity, had taken to protection
I am not ignorant : — Nor has it bin
More then has gone with my Consent, and pass'd
Without suspicion of the smallest sparke
Of Lust in old sir *Robert*.

Cut. Nay I know not

Lad. I will not to be too easie, to belceve,

The Country Girle.

Nor yet too confident. I Know there's fire
In such a wenches eye ; — and old drye wood
Will soone be kindled : — If I find he be,
I'll find a way to coole him : coole'em both
We'll all, or nothing, for half shares we Loath.

Exeunt

ACT. 3.

*Enter Thrashard, with a Letter : Margaret, Gillian,
and Abr'am.*

Thra. Sir Robert's hand ? — ar'c sure on't ?

Mar. I am too sure,

Thra. And sent to thee last night ?

Gill. I, by this day, was it father' — I know't to be his hand
What doe you thinke o' this now ?

Thra. I know not what to thinke.

Mar. You see the picture of a lustfull heart
Drawen to the life ; — and with it, what a number
Of foule temptations, he has muster'd up,
To dim, the star-like purity of myne :
But all, no more, against my Constancie,
Then stormes of haile, against a tower ; — or waves
Against a rocke, that beating are beate backe
As they begin t' assaile'em.

Thra. I beleve thee : — yet old sir Robert.

Gill. Yes, even old sir Robert.

*Enter the Lad. Mallory
as a poore woman.*

Who have we here ? a Begger ?

Abr. An she desire any thing here,
I'll desire her to be gone, with a vengeance.

Who would you speake withall ? — Hum.

Lady. A poore old woman ; be not offended sir.

Abr. And what would't thou have, poore old woman ?

Lady. My busines, is to you.

Mar. To me ? what i't.

Lady. I would delyver't to your self

Mar.

The Country Girl.

Mar. My selfe?

What ere it be, doe not feare to speake it,
I cannot feare to heare it.

Thra. What i't woman?

Lady. Indeed my charge is misfiris, to delyver'r
To your owne hearing.

Thar. This is strange.

Gill. — what is it?

Lady. Though I may speake it ; since you fall into
Causelesse suspitions of me -- either heare me;
As I am willing to present it to you;
Or — as I am, I'll leave you.

Gill. Leave us? -- Hoydeye -- Mary come vp goody tatters!

Thr. Your tongue must still be running...Heark you woman!

Lad. I must be Breife.

Abr. You are very tedious me thinkes.

Thr. Take your own course we'l leave you. — Nay, nay, come:
We shall know all anon. — thoud'it faine be scoulding.
On, or I'll set you forward. *Ext. Thrash, Gill, Abra.*

Mar. Now to this private businesse: what is it?

Lad. That happinesse that to a beauty, set
In a degree, no sayrer then your owne
Should be exceeding wellcome.

Mar. Ha, What i't?

Lad. I bring you love: and to assure you 'tis
A love that's worth, the Entertaine it seekes
And fit to finde repose upon the heart
Of such a Matchlesse beauty. as your owne,
Have brought this witnesse. — 'tis a faire one.

(Casket)

Mar. Tis — If no foule end attend it.

Lad. come, be wise:

What my poore Artlesse tounge shall sayle in, let
This never failing orator supply,
And with his golden tounge, informe you, (faire one)
That he that sends it, — for the End he seekes,
Shall tender to you, whatsoe're can fall
Within the compasse, of your wish.

Mar. Good heaven!

The Country Girl.

Lad. A lusty offer for that short delight
The gentleman would purchase.

Mar. 'Tis indeed ; a very bounteous offer.

Lad. Take it then.

Mar. You have not nam'd the sender.

Lad. 'Tis, sir *Robert*.

Mar. Sir *Robert Mallory* !

Lad. That Gentleman.

I might renewe your memorie

His bountyes to your Father : — and, that bounty

Not dealt by fitts, — leaving betwene his doles,

Interims of want, and anguish ; but the whole,

And totall stocke he lives on. — I might too,

Since you so much forgett your self —

Marg. I doe not :

Indeed, I doe not ; gratitude, ne'r kept,

A ruer Register of benefits

Then you may find with'in this bosome

Lad. No ? — — come then expresse it ; mak't appeare,

Mar. In what ?

Lad. Nay, an you mince it so. — — you know my minde !
He loves you faire one.

Mar. Are you sure he does ?

Lad. Against so large a testimony of it,

As that you have received, and this is, (faire one)

How can you make that question ?

Mar. Doe his yeares,

Equall the number, of my yeares ? — does his

Estate, and mine, lye leuell ? weares sir *Robert*,

The snow-white liverie, of a single life

Unsoild, as I doe ? — can his heart, and myne,

With heavens applause be made, one heart ? — — partake

(As hearts, divinely brought together, doe)

One happinesse, one sorrow ? — can the hand

Of any man, vnder yon golden roose

Vntie a nuptiall gordian ? — loose the knot

Has tyed the soules, of him, and his chaste lady

The Country Girl.

So fast together ? — make but this appeare,
And I'll beleeve thee : — I'll then say, the Heate
His bosome carries, is a Holy fire :

A flame, as pure as those, are sent to heav'n,
From our Religious Altars. — But till then,
Let him desist, to Roabe so foule a sinne
In so divine a garment. — Love ? — 'tis lust,
A sulphurous flame ; which, tell him, I shall shun,
As those darke flames beneath us.

Lad. Has he this
For all the cost, that for thy Beauties sake
He has bestowed upon thee ?

Mar. Helpe me goodnesse,
I thought 't had beene for heaven sake ? — That some Angell
Had led his Bounty ; — that it had beene done
To make his owne soule white, — and not to make
My white soule blacke, and ugly.

Lad. Looke upon't ; — 'tis a rich prize.

Mar. 'Tis ; — yet as much too poore,
Were't ten times trebled, to effect his wish,
As Bribe an Angell to impuritie
So beare them backe againe, — and tell thy Master,
(The lustfull Knight that sent thee) when we rate
Our chastity, above our life, we wo't not
Sel't, for such toyes as those are.

Lady. How ? — such Toyes ? — are gold and jewels coun-

Mar. Compar'd — with that rich jewell hee'd have for'em.

Lad. So,

Mar. Might the exchange passe currant.

Lad. Be advis'd ;

I dare be bold to tell you, — in this Act,
You doe not onely lose this golden offer,
With' fruitfulnessse, that you enjoy already,
I'th' shine of his rich favours, — but, you sinke
Into that misery, that to the living
Is, as the Grave is to the Dead : A depth,
No beame of Fortune looks on ; for his crowne,

The Country Girl.

Deads all your happiness.

Mar. Yet more vexation.

I will not call thee woman ; for a woman
Could never labour thus, to infect the Name
With such a sinne as this is.

Lad. Beauteous Maid.

Mar. Foule, and detested Hag, can't breath upon me
Those golden Epithites, and with' same breath
Indeavour thus to blast it — Father, Sister,
For heav'ns sake help me: - Father, Brother, Sister. *Enter Father,*
Thra. How now Girl? - why what's the matter? - ha? *Brother,*
Mar. Examine her. *Sister.*

But she perchance, may tell you, what she does
Is but her duty ; — ' may be tell you too,
'Tis not so much her duty to the great one
That has employed her, as our love to us.
Her pity to our poverty ; — and that
To make our poore and barren fortunes fruitfull.
She comes, to water't with a golden showre. Nay, she can do it.

All. A golden showre!

Abr. O rare ! — and thou canst doe that old woman,
Long maist thou raigne, I beseech it. *(Kneele.*

Mar. Thus, she may tell you father, - but, - I can tell you that

Thra. What is she ? *(she is —*

Mar. A Bawde.

All. A Bawde!

Mar. Nay, though the brow of such a one be brasse,
Shee dares not contradict it : — shee's no lesse,
And her employment from Sir Robert.

Thra. How ? — Come, come, take heed.

Gill. And what should she take heed of? — an she be a Bawde,
She is a Bawde.

Abr. That's certaine,
Were her Bawdship employed among Ladyes,
But, she shall ride in Triumph

Thra. Such gravitie, and such a reverend shew,
Guild such a sinne as this is ? *Thra. & Marg. whisper.*
Abr.

The Country Girl.

Abr. A Bawd? — Now Tobacco, and *Aquavive* burne thee.

Gill. Now the stinking sweat upon thee, & thy painted journey-women.

Abr. How many Noses do you think ha' bin lost
In your Bawdships service?

Gill. How many Coaches have you Bawdified?

Abr. How long ha' you run on in this sin? — the Coachman
And the hories bin whipt, for your pleasure? (wo'you,

Thra. was this *Sir Roberts* bounty? — I am poore,
And poorer must be; for his frowne commands,
All that I have to nothing, — But this fore-
Shall not be cur'd with such a sinne. — Base woman;
But wee'll reward your labour, -- shall we not?

Gill. You lose a daughter o' me else.

Abr. And an *Abram* o' me, I can tell you,

Thr. I'll goe get an Officer; *Abram*, provide a Cart.

Gill. And let me alone for a Bason. *Exit Thra. Gill. Abr.*

Lad. Has Love and Bounty this reward?

Mar. Such Love,

And such a Bounty, and the best it meritts,

Lad. These be good Angels, I can tell you, — Look,

Mar. Thy Angels are all Devils; — and such gold,
But golden Fetters, — In whose powerfull tye,
Rather then I'll lie Captivated, bound
To th' hot imbraces of a lustfull man,
I'll suffer any wretchednesse. — Away,
Thou art a divell, like a woman. —

Lad. Thou — an Angell-like a Woman,
Now I have found thy goodnesse, know me better. (*Discover.*)

Mar. My ever-worthy Lady.

Lad. Come, no more.

Thou see'st the purpose of that poore disguise.
Now beauteous Mayd, feare nothing: — thou shalt flourish,
And the more Spring, the more his angry storme
Shall beat against thee. — Here. — Nay you must take it:
That, seem'd to be the hyre of lust, shall now
Be the reward of vertue. — But, you must

employ't

The Country Girl.

Imploy't as I direct you.

Mar. But direct. — If I shall fayle in any thing enjoynd,
Let your displeasures (my worst Enemie)
Punish the fault, severely.

Lad. This is all :
Against my Husbands comming, — as I'm fare
He will not long be from thee, — I would have thee,
With this, -- and more, that I'll supply thee with,
Decke up this homely Cottage ; — and withall
Adde to this Beauty beauteous Trimmings, such
As beautific Court beauties.

Mar. How ?

Lad. Nay Margaret,
If you shall stop, at my faire purpose now,
I shall suspect your goodnesse, — 'tis my pleasure.

Mar. 'T must then be mine to serve it.

Lad. Preethes doe,
I'll have thee brave indeed ! How Brave, conceive
From these directions : — Thinke thy selfe at least,
The Heire of old Sir Robert ; — nay, above it ;
The Heire of one, owes greater Title ; — and
To such a greatnesse suite thee. — Then — Attend me,
They are return'd already : — the Remaines —
Receive in private.

Enter Thrashard, Gill, Abra'm, Constable, Whip and Bason.

Thra. I have told you, what she is master Constable.

Gill. A Baude.

Abra. All over, — wee'll not bate you an inch M^r. Constable,
And therefore have a care you doe justice.

Con. I have bin among Baudes before now, and whores too :
And I thinke, I have tickled 'em soundly.

Abra. I thinke so, a Constable ?
What where dares deny him entrance ?

Con. For what belongs to this stasse — Let me alone.

Abra. Let me alone for the Cart.

Gill. And me alone for the Bason.

Con. Come, where's this fame Baude here ? where is she ?
(*Tinke, sinke, sinke.*)

Thra.

The Country Girl.

Thra. My worthy lady.

Gill. My most worthy lady!

(Land-Lady !

Abr. Come, wheres this baude here? — my most worthy

Con. What have I to doe wo' Ladyes? — 'tis the baude

That my authority is to cope withall.

Mar. The outside, made this vertue seeme that sinne
Lyes there that garment.

All. How? that garment,

Mar. Vertuous *All.* most vertuous Lady!

Abr. Constable, you may make a hobby-horse, o' your pain-
Ride home again. — whippe, ly thou there, — (ted staffe, and
And what say you, to your bason?

Gill. I say, 'tis a base one, and the barbarly knave that owes it,
They say his wife had a tooth drawn above, while he was a,
Trimming belowe. let him keepe it for her now, an he will
For we have nothing to doe with it.

Lad. Times earnest with me, to be gone: — farewell:
You know my mynd, performe it. —

(exit)

Mar. With that care — I labour, my best happinesse.

Thra. Good Lady — well well sir *Robert*

Mar. Hee's a naughty man.

I am enjoynd a talke; and to effect it,

Looke, she has given vs all this gold. *All.* this Gold!

Mar. This is that golden shower I told you off:

But falls to better purpose, then, I then

Imagind, father. — how to be imployed,

Lys yet within this bosome: — but ere long,

The vertuous secret, here involv'd I'll show.

From such pure fountaines, such pure ryvers flow (Exeunt:)

Enter Barbara, as her Lady; Mr. William bare,

Arming her in.

Bar. Heigho! good truth this little practice of my Lady
To stand betweene her, and her foolish suitors
So to prevent their fopperies, has lull'd me
Into so sweete a fancy! — *Mr. William*
If all the time I have bin thus accoutred
I have not thought my selfe a very Lady,

The Country Girl.

I would I were, a very—

M.W. Maid agen: — wouldst thou not *Bab*?

Bab. Well, —an I be not, I may thanke you for it.

M.W. What, thanke me for't and cry? come come conceal't
A little longer, and I'll warrant thee.

Weell find thee out, a daddy.

Bab. Looke you doe.

M.W. Rash, Plush, Gregorie! what saiest thou to a Citizen?
Then thou hast 2. strings to thy bow.

Bab. Two strings to my bow, — what do you mean by that troc?

M.W. Why 2. trades *Bab*, two Trades.

Bab. Why what trade, have I, I pray sir?

M.W. Why, the old trade, — thy husbands custome will get thee
Custome; and thine, thy husband, so one helps another,
And then, theres some hope of thryving. — Let me see 1. 2. 3.
After so many falls this is thy third time of rising
A great piece o' matter, i't not? — Come, thou shalt cry,
What lack you, shew thy ware, *Cum Privilegio*; and
Befreind, thy freind, in a corner

Enter Gregorie.

Body of me, one, of the fopps allready

Come to your state, and off. (*Arme her off*) and retturne.)

Greg. Mr. *William*, hilst doe you heare. I have the worst luck
At women. But I'll to her.

Mr Wi. What Mr. *Gregory*!

Greg. The very same sir. — your Ladys new gone in
May a man, be so bold, as goe see her?

Mr Wi Faith, not yet.

But, theres hope, you may see her anon sir,

Greg. I had a glimpse of her: — I cannot tell well
An my father, would but dy once!

M.W. I mary *M. Gregory*, his passing Bel were musick. *Ent Plush.*

Gr. The man should ring it, should not sweat for nothing.

Plu A happie day Mr. *William*: and as much (though my ryvall)
To the sweete, Mr. *Gregory Dwindle.*

Greg. Thanks, sweete, Mr. *Timothy Lying*

Plush. Howe's that sir? — lying!

Mr. Wi. A conceit he has, witness your worships cloake sir

Plu.

The Country Girl.

Plu. 'Tis lyn'd with plush indeed :
But may lync a Ladys petty-coate,
When such a simple *Gregorie* as thou
Shall Dwindle, — but — to heare on'r.

Dwindle.

Greg. The diwindle in disgrace.

Plu. Tell me of lining !

M.V. Why Gentlemen, you come to see my Lady ;
Which if you kill one another,
You'll hardly doe, beleeve me.

Greg. You have said very right, *Mr. William.* —
Had it not bin for that

(*Put up.*)

You have spoke to the point *Mr. William*
Had it, not bin for that ! ——— (*Put up.*)

Mr.W. A terrible bout, beleeve me. —
Nay I knew my hatt would part 'em.
You are valiant *Mr. Plush* ; and you *Mr. Gregorie Dwindle*

Greg. Well ; — an — my father, would, but dy once ! *Ent. Rash*

Rash. Gentlemen all, — good day.
May we not, In, to the Lady ?

Mr.W. In to the Lady ? — you are somewhat to rash indeed sir.

Rash. Enter the house I meane sir

Mr.W. She is now, goeing forth sir : the truth is — to dinner
But here into the next street, to her brother, sir *Robert Maloryes*.
What fauours, she may bestow, as she passes, I know not, —
But — be not too tedious, I beseech you,
I am to attend her thither.

Exit.

Rash. Well, this melancholy Lady, is a hard peece o' matter to
(*Compassse*)

Plu. Somewhat, straitelac'd *Mr. Rash.*

Greg. An I could but come, to vnlace her ! I should make her.
Forgett, her mourning.

Rash. We all, ayme, at one marke ; —
Which onely, one must hyt — I hope well !

Plu. An I hope, as well, as you sir. *Enter Mr. William, Barry*

Greg. And I, as well as you sir: *bary as before*

Rash. Then happy man, by his dole sir.

Greg. Well, an my father, would but dy once !

The Country Girl.

Mr. W. Have a care, you know my directions.

But, one at once, I beseech you — (*Plush and Bab whisper*)

Mr. Plush has the start of you Gentlemen. (*she shakes the head*)

Rash. We cannot helpe it, worthy *Mr. William*.

Greg. Hope well, and have well. —

The motto of myne Armes, if ever I lyve, to

Be Knighted — which, If, my father, — would but dy once.

Mr. W. You would be a Knight in foolio.

Greg. She shakes her head ; — What does she meane by that ?

Mr. W. To heare him talke, so like, a humorous Coxcombe !

She has shooke him off, already.

Greg. I'll try my entertainment (*Greg. whispers with her*)

Mr. W. Doe sir, — to her. *she smiles.*

Rash. Well, I shall have my Turne, I hope anon.

Mr. W. 'Twere a very ill turne, an you should not.

Rash. No, there's the man ; — see how she smiles vpon him !

Mr. W. No, heres the man ; —

See how shee poynts, at you sir. (*she points at Rash.*)

Rash. She points at me indeed : but oh those smiles !

Mr. W. That smiles a laugh ; —

A scorne, a meere derision.

Rash whispers with her ;

Do you note his coming off sir. -- To her, to her. *her hand after at*

None sir, what newes ?

her breaſt

Plu. Nay I say nothing ; - what, - it was - it was.

Mr. W. And what say you sir ?

Greg. What, she said, — she said.

Mr. W. To please you sir, I would she had sung it.

Plush. That clapping of her hand, upon her breast, I do not like :-

She has given Me good words ; but - that's a tough bit, --

O' my stomake.

Mr. W. I'll help you down with that ; - her words, were these
It is very true ; you are, a civill gentleman.

And one, above the fortunes, that you seeke :

I must protest you are sir. - but when the heart is promis'd, and the
Affections, formerly settled, there's no calling back. - These were
Her words beleeve me, -

Did she not shake her head as who should say,

You

The Country Girl.

You are the man, must have her ?

Plu. 'Tis enough.

Mr. W. You are must'd up in melancholy to fir—

Greg. She gave me comfortable words; -but that embrace,
And thus, her hand, meeting her heart so oft
Moves m^r, a little.

Mr. W. Then, you'll be moved with nothing.

I'll tell you, what she said; beseech you marke me, Sir-- you are
A good man; a Citizen;-- Rich,--and wise--though-- these three
Go seldom together; —

But,--when they doe-- 'tis an Aldermans pace,
I assure you — Sometimes in a Livery gown; but-- that's but--
On Festivall dayes. — The Mayden-head, -- is your Aimes, —
In your Arms,--believe me, I wish one, for-- my widowhood is
Otherwise promis'd.-- These were her words; —

You are the man must have her — Did she smile upon you ?

Greg. that she did.

Mr. W. Why, why, should you be mov'd then ? Looke, he's off,
She beckons one of you.

Plu. Me, me, I hope, and I'll to her. ?

Greg. You shall not go alone fir. } *Both go to her and whisper.*

Mr. W. Now, What's the happinesse ?

Rash. My happinesse -but, what she said; - she said.

Mr. W. You have had, a long; and a very gracious hearing.

Rash. I have I thanke her; —

A very gracious hearing. Ha ? —

(She laughs.)

Why, does she laugh so loud ? ti's not at me, I hope

Mr. W. At you ? - at them. — laugh, at a civill Cittisen ?
I could tell, what she sayes for a need fir

Rash. I should be glad to heare it :

Mr. W. Then, I will make you glad fir. -beseech you mark me:

Mr. Plush, You are a proper gentleman ; —

Smooth, and soft, — you have not,

Your name, for nothing. — I have heard, —

You are valliant; feare no man,

But -the man, that frights, any man, that -villaynous thing, cald-a
Sergeant, yet you have made some of them,

Run

The Country Girl.

Run too, two or three at once

Sometimes, and glad, they could overtake you.

Rash. This was a leere worth laughing at indeed

Mr. W. Now for Mr. Gregory, - the country Gentleman,
(Good harmlesse thing) little or nothing to him, —

Onely tells him, his fathers old trunks

With a codpeice ; - and his breech, were not both, of a piece :

That hardly worth half a piece ; - this almost, worth halfe a peck

Rash. A half peck, you meane, Mr. William

Mr. W. A bushell of wit beleve me. - I ha told you, what she
You are the man, must have her. (laughd at :)

Rash. I hope I shall.

M. W. Did she not point upon you thus. (making horns) - *They*
My Lady beckons me. - your pleasure, madam. *fall off, she beckons*

Plush. I cannot tell ; - If shaking of the head ; *kons Mr. William, whisper.*
And serious shaking of the head, may be

A gracious signe of love ; - I am the man.

Greg. O smile ; - sweet smile — full of splendidious rayes ;
Such, - as the Sun, at dinner time displayes — If I do not tickle
In figure, - Let - me be counted a Cipher. (her.)

Well, — an my father would but dye once ; —

I am the man must have her.

Rash. But - ô that Hand, - her hand so white and soft,
In sweet Protests, - thus - kist her breast, so oft,
I could compose me thinkes ! — the sweetest ! — Well,
I am the man must have her.

Mr. W. Your will shall be instantly done, sweet Lady. —
Gentlemen - 'tis my Ladyes pleasure, you leave her at this time : -
Nay, nay, keepe off I besecch you. — *Mr. Plush,* —
You are the man : - away.

Plu. Most beauteous Lady. — (Exit.)

Mr. W. Mr. Gregory, - I have sent him off, with a flea in his car
My Lady, is your Lady, — goe.

Greg. Well, — an my father would but dye once, - then
Farewell, most Beauteous Lady. (Exit.)

Mr. W. Mr. *Rash,* - I have given him a Box, to put his pepper in.
You are the man shall have her.

Rash.

The Country Girl.

Rash. In good deed sir?

Mr. W. You'd heare as much from my Lady?

Rash. O I might I be so happy.

Mr. W. Why, you shall sir;

I have told the Gentleman, your mind, sweet Lady,
And hee's delighted with it: — But, to heare
Your love delivered, by your owne sweet lip
would make his light heart caper.

Bab. Master *Rash*,

Though it scarce suit with modestie, — my blush —
Veild with this mourning habit, take your wish,
You are the man shall have me.

Rash. May I build —

M. W. With Brick, according to the Statute sir.

Rash. I meane upon this promise.

M. W. O, you meane

Upon the Lady sir: you heare you may,
The foundation is layd to your hands,
And the edifice halfe up already.

Rash. With this, I take my leave. — (*Exit.*) Enter *Cutt* bloody.

Bab. Deare Master *Rash*.

M. W. You'll make a rash Bargaine of this sir:

Who have we here? — Rawhead and Bloody-bones?
Good madam *Bab*, walke off. — what master *Cutt*? (*Exit Bab*)

Cutt. I am (*Cut*: -- but doe not you play upon my *Cutt*,
Lest I play upon -- your pate, and cut you, as deep sir.

M. W. What me? -- your friends?

Cut. No matter, whether you be or no sir: *Ne Hercules contra*

M. W. Had you two upon you at once sir? (*duos.*)

Cutt. An there were ten upon me at once, —
I did not desire you to helpe me.

M. W. I was not there to helpe thee.

Cutt. A pox o' your prating sheeps-head; —
I tell you, I did not desire it.

M. W. Nay, — preethee *Cutt* be patient.

Cutt. I may chuse whether I will or no sir: —
Six, -- like six o' the Constables gard,

That

The Country Girl.

That a man may beat with a broome-staffe, -- yet
For three pence a night they venture. *Enter Hugh hastily.*

Mar.W. What, Sir *Olivers Hugh*? — in hast.

Hu. No great hast, for in hast, we run:— An we run, we may fall
An we fall, we may catch a hurt;—
And a hurt will not easily be heal'd.

Cut. An you talke o' mine; y'are Coxcombe.

Mr.W. Nay, I prithce *Hugh* say nothing. (nothing;

Hu. Can a man say, and say nothing? — O' nothing, comes
And he that out of nothing, can get something, does something,
More then I can.

Cut. You doe not, Some-thing, nothing me sir: doe you?

M.W. Nay, here's no place to quarrell.

Hu. An we quarrell, we must draw,-- an we draw
We must strike; an we strike,-- we shall cut; an we cut, wee
Shall bleed; an we bleed, we must to the Surgeons.

Cut. An you prite, I shall knock; — an I knock,
You must cry;-- and you cry, I must kicke; — An I kicke—

Hu. I shall kicke you again sir, —
If I kicke you ages, — you shall feele it;
If you feel't, -- you have as good as you bring;
If you have as good as you
bring, -- why then sir, I owe you nothing;
And so master *Cubert* have at you.

M.W. Death, are you mad-men? hold, hold, hold, I say.--
Prithce put up.

Hu. While he may put up in my belly.

Cut. He that does so is a Coward;— He that's a coward's a rogue,
And he that's a Rogue must be whipt; —
And would I might be whipt an I doe so.

Hu. Give me thy hand; th'art a man.

Cut. He, that sayes I am not a man, — I may chance,
To make him, a boy sir.

M.W. A couple of touchy Coxcombes. But come, this signe,
Of the Hand in Hand is handsome — — Gentlemen,
I have a pretty Project in my pate,
Will you assist me in it?

Hugh.Cut.

The Country Girl.

Ha. Cut. Name it.

Mr. W. Hearke, — no more but so : — your Hands.

Both. And our hearts to boot, Master *William*.

Mr. W. Nay, there's no parting yet, — At Buttry-hatch,
In Boules, — thus deepe, — wee'll health it to the Match.

Act. 4.

*Enter Sir Oliver, and the Captaine, as
in the field.*

Capt. Now Knight, I see, you love a Noble promise
Too well, to Breake it : — y'are a Gentleman.

Sir Oli. Sir, should I find, that I had lost my selfe
In any Thing, that should proclaime me lesse,
I should not hate mine enemy so much,
As such a heady Action.

Capt. I am ready.

Sir Oli. I see you are : But ere our weapons meet,
Tell me, what seconds have you Captaine?

Capt. Seconds ? — A strange demand. — How meane you ?

Sir Oli. Why a man,
That may assist you if you faile.

Capt. A Second ? — were any such appointed ? — I have none.

Sir Oli. How Captaine ? — None.

Capt. I have not sir : have you ?

Sir Oli. Beleev't, I have ; — I should not else have met
So great a danger *Mullynex*.

Capt. A Second !

Is this the Nobleness you Boast ? — A Knight !

A servile Foot-boy, — his master ere

Give but one Copie of a noble soule

Would have disdained this cowardise — a second.

Sir Oli. Nay you may terme it, what you please : — no matter,
'Tis my advantage Captaine

Capt. Ha ? where is he

The Country Girle.

Sir Oli You may as well demand of more, then one
For I have more, stout Captaine.

Capt. More?

Sir Oli Yes more.

To keepe, what lost canne'r be found agen,
We cannot be too Cautelous

Cap. A man?

Insnare me thus? where be they? If they be
As base as thou art, be they ten to one
I shall not feare the incounrer.

Sir Oli. Thinke you so sir?

A minutes patience I shall name 'em to you.
And let you see your danger.

Capt. Name 'em.

Sir Oli. Yes,

The first bold Second, that attends my Sword,
Is thine owne *Rash*, and inconsiderate fury;
For then that foe within a man, — without
We cannot meet that enemy, that can
Present us with more danger: There's the first,
The next my undertaking, in defence
Of such a stocke of goodnesse: in that Lady,
As Envy, n'er durst looke on: which who knowes not,
So faire, and just, the ever-watchfull eye,
That mid-night Actions are apparent to
Cannot but see, nor that great Ens behold,
But be assistant to't; — A third (*Rash man*)
The contumelious, and un-manly darings,
That, to inforce me from the Peacefulnesse,
Ere liv'd in my calme Bosome, you have most
Uncivilly cast upon me, — Smil'st thou?

Capt. Yes. — Are these your Seconds?

Sir Oli. *Mullinex* they are.

Dar'st thou unarm'd? — Indeed a naked man,
(For he that fights in such a Cause as thine,
With nothing in't, but an impetuous will,
Is little better —) venture all thy blood

The Country Girl.

Gainst such a great Advantage?

Capt. What I dare,

My Sword shall tell thee *Bellingham.*

(*Thrust.*)

Sir Oli. So sudden?

(*Passes, Bellingham. onely puts by.*)

You see, till now my weapon has been us'd

Meerely defensivly; -- To guard my selfe;

Nor point, nor edge, offring their violence

Against thy bosome. — Were I sure, I could

Put by thy furie, till it has spent it selfe,

Or tyr'd thy body past the danger of it,

The Fighting part should onely be thine owne:

Mine onely, mine owne Buckler.

Capt. Slighted? — death

I'll put your Fence-play to't a little better.

Sir Oli. I must not dally then-

(*Fight.*)

Capt. Come *Bellingham.*

Sir Oli. Hold Captaine, hold, — you bleed.

Capt. As you must doe,

Or all my blood's at hazard — Have I touch'd you?

Sir Oli. You have flout Captaine,

Shall we part upon the equalitie of our hurts?

Capt. How, part sir?

Sir Oli. Yes, our manhoods, standing in this equall point,

We may do't fairely; slight applyments yet

May make us whole again.

Capt. Shall a scratch part us?

Sir Oli. How fatall sir another close may be — we know not,

Capt. No, nor doe we feare it: Come

Then *Mullynex*, what following hurts you have,

Call not the worke of my unwilling hands,

But thine own frenzie: — witnesse heav'n they are — (*Fight.*)

Captaine you faint.

Capt. Take your advantage then.

Sir Oli. Advantage sir, How meane you?

Capt. Of my wound:

My weaknesse *Bellingham*, — you see there's now,

(*pon*)

No interpos'd resistance, 'twixen my heart

(*Throwes off his wea-*

The Country Girl.

And thy bold weapon — Come.

Sir Oli. I rather wish
That all thy blood were in thy veines againe :
Had all the fire, and livelihood it had,
Though with that strength, new courage, and the malice
That but two minutes past, pursu'd my life,
You should againe pursu't, and put it to
Another dangerous hazard.

Capt. Thou mai'st wish it ;
For 't were no hazard, 'gainst the muniment,
And strong defences that Heaven plants about,
A soule so pure as thine is.

Sir Oli. How ? is this
The language of a wounded man, to him
That made them *Mullynex* ?

Capt. What language fitter ?
Thou art a noble enemy : — And now
My troubled understanding's calme againe,
I see my selfe worthy the wounds I have,
And all their Anguish trebled. — Thou art just.

Sir Oli. I am to unmindfull, of what most I mind
Thy smarting faintnesse : -- But, my cares shall now
Onely attend thy safetic.

Capt. Mind thine owne : — *Aye Bellingham.*

Sir Oli. Let all my best desires
Be fruitlesse then. — Come *Mullynex*, Let me
Support thy fainting body.

Capt. Worthy sir, — y'ave a Noble second,
Sir Oli Sir I have, And whosoe'r dares be a Duellist
Should have the like ;
Should build his Hopes, rather upon his cause,
Then on his strength, — his skill, — and hoodwinck'd furie,
For these are nothing.

Capt. You have made me see,
That Brave: and Boastings in bad Causes, are
The Dolphins wanton dallying on the waves :
That fore-runs Tempests ; This untimely Graves. — (*Exeunt.*)
Enter

The Country Girl.

Enter old Thrasbard brave, and the Lady Mallory.

Lad. Mal. You know my mind, faile not in any thing
That lies in my direction.

Thra. Feare not me ; — you have made me brave,
And I'll doe my businesse as bravely.

La. Mal. And so, for your Sonne and Daughter.

Thra. Nay, for my Son, since he put on his Braverie,
For the part of a gallant in jeast, - He will not be perswaded,
But that hee's a gallant in earnest ; Scornes to thinke o' Canvas,
Course Freeze, — or a sheep-skin Doublet ;
Or to talk but of Lords, and Ladyes. - And as for my Daughters !

La. Mal. Your part. — —

Thra. Is a Justice of Peace: - And you are sweet Lady, my Lady,

Lady. Hearke, hee's come alicadie. (*Hum, hum, within.*)

Thra. That's his hum indeed ; - In good Lady,

In, -- when your part comes in,

I'll give you your Qu. to enter. —

Exit Lady.

An I can but hit, the state of a Justice

Enter Sir Robert.

Handsomely. He comes, and I goe to my station.

Sir Rob. Well *Edmonton*; thou that holdst her, that holds me,
In this strong meshd Net of affection, I am once again come to
How, in th' imagination of this sport, (*see thee.*)
My old heart capers ? — Well ? this little house,
This little Cottage, while it holds my *Peg*,
Is my best house, - my Castle ; - Nay, my Palace,
My delicate Palace of Pleasure.

Thra. You are welcome honest Gentleman; what would you?

Sir Ro. Ha ! -- what would you sir ?

By his face old *Thrasbard* my tenant :

But, by the reverend outside that he weares,

I know not, with what stile to salute him.

Thra. Would you ought, with me or mine, sir ?

Sir Rob. I would speak: with' good man of this house sir.

Thra. The Right worshipfull, Master of this house, you speak to.

Sir Rob. This house ?

Thra. This house.

Sir Rob. What may I call your name sir ?

The Country Girle.

Sir Oli You may as well demand of more, then one
For I have more, stout Captaine.

Capt. More?

Sir Oli Yes more,
To keepe, what lost canne'r be found agen,
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Cap. A man?

Insnare me thus?: where be they? If they be
As base as thou art, be they ten to one
I shall not feare the incounter.

Sir Oli. Thinke you so sir?

A minutes patience I shall name 'em to you.
And let you see your danger.

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Is thine owne *Rash*, and inconsiderate fury;
For then that foe within a man, — without
We cannot meet that enemy, that can
Present us with more danger: There's the first,
The next my undertaking, in defence
Of such a stocke of goodnesse in that Lady,
As Envy, n'er durst looke on: which who knowes not,
So faire, and just, the ever-watchfull eye,
That mid-night Actions are apparent to
Cannot but see, nor that great Ens behold,
But be assistant to't; — A third (*Rash man*)
The contumelious, and un-manly darings,
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(For he that fights in such a Cause as thine,
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Is little better —) venture all thy blood

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Gainst such a great Advantage?

Capt. What I dare,
My Sword shall tell thee *Bellingham.* (Thrust.)
Sir Oli. So sudden? (Passes, *Bellingham* onely puts by.)

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Meerely defensively; — To guard my selfe;
Nor point, nor edge, offering their violence
Against thy bosome. — Were I sure, I could
Put by thy furie, till it has spent it selfe,
Or tyr'd thy body past the danger of it,
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I'll put your Fence-play to't a little better.
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Or all my blood's at hazard — Have I touch'd you?
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Captaine you faint.

Capt. Take your advantage then.

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Capt. Of my wound:

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And

The Country Girl.

And thy bold weapon — Come.

Sir Oli. I rather wish
That all thy blood were in thy veines againe :
Had all the fire, and livelihood it had,
Though with that strength, new courage, and the malice
That but two minutes past, pursu'd my life,
You should againe pursu't, and put it to
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And all their Anguish trebled. — Thou art just.

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Thy smarting faintnesse : -- But, my cares shall now
Onely attend thy safetic.

Capt. Mind thine owne : — hyc *Bellingham.*

Sir Oli. Let all my best desires
Be fruitlesse then. — Come *Mullynex*, Let me
Support thy fainting body.

Capt. Worthy sir, — y'ave a Noble second,

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Should build his Hopes, rather upon his cause,
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Course Freeze, — or a sheep-skin Doublet ;
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Thra. Is a Justice of Peace : — And you are sweet Lady, — my Lady,

Lady. Hearke, hee's come alreadie. (*Hum, hum, within.*)

Thra. That's his hum indeed ; — In good Lady,
In, — when your part comes in,
I'll give you your Qu. to enter. —

Exit Lady.

An I can but hit, the state of a Justice *Enter Sir Robert.*
Handsomely. He comes, and I goe to my station.

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In this strong meshd Net of affection, I am once again come to
How, in th' imagination of this sport, (*see thee.*)
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This little Cottage, while it holds my *Peg*,
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By his face old *Thrasbard* my tenant :
But, by the reverend outside that he weares,
I know not, with what stile to salute him.

Thra. Would you ought, with me or mine, sir ?

Sir Rob. I would speake with' good man of this house sir.

Thra. The Right worshipfull, Master of this house, you speak to.

Sir Rob. This house ?

Thra. This house.

Sir Rob. What may I call your name sir ?

The Country Girl.

Thra. My name, in common, is *Thrasbard*. —
But with the Gentile Addition, *Oliver Thrasbard Esquire*, —
Justice of Peace and Quorum.

Sir Rob. Justice of Peace and Quorum. —
Doe not you know me, Master *Oliver*?

Thra. By this Chaine, not I sir.

Sir Rob. Not me, Master *Oliver Thrasbard*?

Thra. Not you, — Master — what shall I call thee, — Belike;
We shall know you, whether we will know you, or no sir.

Sir Ro. Has not your worship a sonne, that men call, —
Master — *Abram Thrasbard*.

Sir Rob. May a man sir, desire to see him?

Thra. He is not afraid to be seen sir, — Son *Abram*, Ent. *Abram*,
Master *Abram*, come — here's a Gentleman
Desires to see you.

Abra. To see me, my Right worshipfull Father? —
An he be a Gentleman, we are to be seene, and spoke to. —
Your businesse to me sir? Hum!

Sir Ro. Does your worship know me, Master *Abraham*?

Abr. My worship does know many Gentlemen, — some Lords,
And some Ladyes too sir.

Sir Ro. But me, — your old Land-lord, Sir *Robert*?

Abra. Land-lord? — to one in Sattin?

Sir Ro. Your Worship, remembers me sure sir.

Abra. My worship remembers you not sir: does not, —
Must not, — shall not. Land-lord, to one in Sattin! —
Did you heare him right worshipfull Father?

Thra. I heare him, my worshipfull sonne:
Just thus he talk'd to me too.

Abra. Land-lord, to one in Sattin?

Sir Rob. They talke of a wonderfull yeare; —
But here's a most wonderfull Minute, worshipfull sir; —
Ha' not you a Sister, call'd *Gillian*?

Abra. Call'd mistress *Gillian*, I have; —
And you shall know that I have,
Sister, mistress *Gillian*, Sister.

Enter Gillian brave.

Gill. Now, what's the good newes wo' you now?

Abra.

The Country Girl.

Abr. there's a Gentleman,-- would speake with one *Gillian* :
No more but so, plaine *Gillian*.

Gill. You might have remembred the M. sir.

Sir Ro. Which of the Ms -- *Madona*,-- Mistris, or Maukin ?

Gill. Right worshipfull Father;
Shall our greatnesse indure the Maukin ?

Sir Rob. I confesse forgetfulness:-- your pardon,-- your pardon
Sweet Mistris *Gillian*.

Thra. Tis well, you have chang'd your note sir:-- had you not,--
By this Chaine; -- I know, what I know, I doe sir.

Gill. Did not the Civilitie of Gentilitie, stand up, as it were,
Betweene us, with-holding these two, -- doe you see sir ?

Abr. 'T is well sir, you doe not feele 'em.

Sir Ro. Doe not you know me, Mistris *Gillian* ?

Gill. For, a saucie companion, I doe sir.

Sir Ro. Why this is admirable,

What Brokers wardrobe have they met withall,
To meet with me thus ? -- Let me not mistake,
And charge a kindnesse, -- with unkindnesse though:
For ought I know, this may be some conceite,
That in the close, shall to my entertaine
Adde more delight and lustre. -- Worthy sir,
May but my boldnesse, progresse to the sight
Of your faire Daughter *Margaret* I ha' done,
And rest indebted to your right worshipfull self,
With your worshipfull, Sonne, and Daughters.

Thra. Son *Abram*, -- Call in thy worshipfull Sister

Abr. Now you talke like one of us, --

A Gentle-man, a Gentle-woman

Shall talke with the gentleman, - And soe, - as the Proverbe is, tis
Merry, when Gentle folkes, meete

Sister Mistris *Margaret* Sister

Enter Margaret

Very Brave

Mar. Your busines brother.

Abr. Aske our right worshipfull father.

Sir. Ro. I theres the starre, brighter, then *Lucifer*,
That ushers in my happinesse

Marg. With me [sir ?

you

The Country Girle.

Sir Rob. My beaution *Margaret* : how ere ot'h suddaine
changed into these rich ornaments, - I hope,
You know me, better, then your facher does ;
Your brother, or your sifter ?

Mar. Know you sir.

Sir Ro. I hope you doe

Mar. Sooth, but I doe not [sir.

S. Ro. Not know me ?

Mar. Noe ; — nor to be breife ; and plaine,
Doe I desire, to know you,

Sir Ro. Not my *Peg*

Not myne owne *Peggy* know me ? — beaution *Peg*,
I am sir *Robert Malory*

Marg. Away.

Sir Ro. Now in good deed law ; — in good sooth I am.

Marg. sir *Robert Mallory* ? — I doe not know him :
But I have heard of such a one : — a knight,
A Citty knight ; — A peyce of old dry stiffe
That's good for nothing but. —

Sir Ro. *Peg*, — beauty, *Peg*.

Mar. And yet, they say, — in his libidinous heate,
As Ranke a Letcher, — a Baboon, — a Goat

Sir Ro. *Peg*, beaution *Peggy*.

Mar. A cock sparrowe ; — one

As lustfull, as a Satyre lout up on him.

Wrong his good lady ? — such a beaution lady ;
Nay such a vertuous lady ? — out upon him.

Sir Ro. Has her brave suite, made her forgett me to.

Mar. They say, his lust most eagrelly pursues
His tennants daughter : A poore Countrey wench :
A silly Girle heaven knowes ; — yet wise enough,
To make the letcher lose his longing,

Sir Ro. Ha ? this the delight I look'd for.

Mar. 'Tis reported,

Ha's done her good ; — settled a poore estate
Vpon her aged father ; — and of goodnesse,
Must the reward be Sinne ? — must she for this,

become

The Country Girle.

Become his whore? his stru nper?

Sir Rob. Peg. — sweete *Peg.*

Mar. Were I as she is, what so ere shee be,
I should so fit his Knight shippe; - and so firke
That satyre, - Monky, - that Baboone, - that Goate -

Sir Ro. Some Conjurat[i]on, witchcraft

Thra. How he sweats.

Enter Lady Mallory

Mar. Sister, pray call our mother.

Gill. Lady Mother.

La Mal. How now what's the matter?

Sir Ro. How's this? her mother? why, this is my
Lady; or, - the divell in

My Ladyes likenesse. - I'm sure sheel know me.

La Ma. Desire to speake with me sir?

Sir Ro. You forsooth? - will not she know me.

Lady. I cannot stand to talk sir.

Sir Ro. Not with me?

Lady. With you sir? - no sir; what are you sir?

Sir Ro. Ha? -- doe not you know me Lady?

Lady. Know you sir?

How? - when? - where? - why? - for what sir!

Sir Rob. How? - when? - where? - why? -- for what sir?
why heere's

The finest mad fitt; - the most worshipfull Peece of Lunacy, that
A man shall desire to looke on.

Why, are not you my wife?

Laay. Thy wife?

Sir Ro. My wife.

Lady. I hope - my right worshipfull Husband - you will not
Seeme Icerd And deryded. -

He challenges me, - for his Wife!

Thra. My Lady, your wife? By this 'chaine; an you play
The mad Alderman here, - you were better ha' don't in bedlam
Your wife?

Go to; -- no more but so; - go to.

Abra. Our right worshipping mother, your wife? -
By this Sattin go to; - no more but so, - go to

I

Gill.

The Country Girl.

Gill. My mother, your wife sir? - mary come up, for a wife sir;
Were it not, as it is; - that Gentility holds my hands - !

Mar. Me thinkes, in such a gentleman, as you are,
Such sport, - so old; - and such a Reverend man;
This wildnesse shewes not handsome. (*Thra. and Lady kisse*)

Sir Ro. Handsome, quotha !

My wife, my spouse deny me ! death they kisse :
An I be mad, - I'll play the mad mans part
A little longer - hearke you gentlewoman;
Are not you my wife? - are not you my Tennant? -
Are not you *Abram Ninne*? you *Gillian*
Of *Braine-ford*? - you pretty *Peg of Edmonton*?

And this Little house here, mine owne sir; - death, they Icere me
Is your mery divell - that cheated the divell; come again to make
Merry amongst you? - well, I see, how the case stands : this is
A trick of my Ladyes, to Racke, - to deride, - and shame me :
She has found me out - and there's no houlding out any longer,
Peg, - wife - *Peg* : - I confesse sweete *Peg*, there stands the *Peg*,
That I had a desire, to have playd at mumble de *Peg* with all
But - dost thou heare me? - lady, madam, *Peg*

Lady. The old mans mad.

Sir Ro. I were mad indeed, -- an I should not know mine own
Lady! Pree-hee torment me no longer, - good Love, good Hony,
Good Pigeon, I was wanton; - I was wanton, - I confesse it, —
But heare what I'll tell thee, in private

Abra. When, we walke thus abroad how our once familiar
Acquaintance will Bow and Adore our Sattin. -
But, we know the worshipfull Nod; - for a word, -
We shall hardly Afford 'em.

Lady. May I beleeve all this?

Sir Rob. Beleeve it *Peg*? - if ere, I be troubled,
With this foolish-vagary agen;
If there be, to be spied, the least touch of this, I'tch about me,
Let those worthy men, with whom I sit, set me beside my seate
And devise, some new Torment, to tame me. - Nay let my frailty
Be put in Print, - and sung, that the City, may Ring on't!

Lad. You have protested well; and I beleeve you:

This

The Country Girl.

This fault, is pardoned -

Sir Ro. You must Seale it then -

(kisse)

How like, the right worshipfull, this now?

Thra. By this chaine, - exceeding well sir.

Abra. I protest, by this sartin, it is sir.

Sir Ro. Please your worships,

May I possesse her now? - doe yee know me now?

All. Our worthy, - and right worshipfull landlord.

Sir Rob. Will your sartin, submit to that sir? - Peg, I love the.

Not for thy beauty, - but thy vertues Girl.

The testimony of it, shall be this: - your states

Shall be as great, as they appeare to be,

I have spare bags, will do't wench. - Come, we must

Give Verrue now - what we decreed to lust. - (Exeunt)

Enter Mr. William, - Cutbert, and Hugh

Mr W. You have done, to my directions gentlemen.

Cut. Have we not, bully Will?

Hu. Have we not sir?

Mr. W. I have plac'd Mr. *Rash*, - where he expects his lady,
With a heart, as light, as a bubble.

Cut. And I, Mr. *Timothy Plush*.

Hu. And I, Mr. *Gregory Dwindle*.

M. W. Mine like one, that had six pence a day, for his labour,
Stands here at the upper end of *Lymestreete*.

Cut. mine, in the Middle

Hu. And mine, at the lower end on't.

M. W. But all unscene, - till they see their times to discover.

Most amiable Lady, cries mine I

Cut. Most splendidious Beauty, mine

Hu. O driferous Mistress, mine.

M. W. Proceed we now to our purpose, Away to your stands;
And stand to your tacklings tightly. (Exeunt *Cut*, and *Hu* :)

Now, must I backe, for my imagined lady; (to *their stands*.)

Whose amiable Presence, is infinitely wisht

And expected - (Exit, where he entred.) Enter *Rash* at his

Rash. Sweet Mr. *William*

stand,

The Country Girle.

Sir Rob. My beauntious *Margaret* : how ere or'h suddaine
changed into these rich ornaments, - I hope,
You know me, better, then your tacher does ;
Your brother, or your sister ?

Mar. Know you sir.

Sir Ro. I hope you doe

Mar. Sooth, but I doe not | sir.

S. Ro. Not know me ?

Mar. Noe ; — nor to be breife ; and plaine,
Doe I desire, to know you,

Sir Ro. Not my *Peg*

Not myne owne *Peggy* know me ? - beauncous *Peg*,
I am sir *Robert Malory*

Marg. Away.

Sir Ro. Now in good deed law ; in good sooth I am.

Marg. sir *Robert Mallory* ? - I doe not know him :
But I have heard of such a one : - a knight,
A Citty knight ; - A peyce of old dry stiffe
That's good for nothing but. -

Sir Ro. *Peg*, - beauty, *Peg*.

Mar. And yet, they say, - in his libidinous heate,
As Ranke a Letcher, - a Baboon, - a Goat

Sir Ro. *Peg*, beaurious *Peggy*.

Mar. A cock sparrowe ; - one
As lustfull, as a Satyre lout up on him.
Wrong his good lady ? - such a beauteous lady ;
Nay such a vertuous lady ? - out upon him.

Sir Ro. Has her brave suite, made her forgett me to.

Mar. They say, his lust most eagrelly pursues
His tennants daughter : A poore Countrey wench :
A silly Girle heaven knowes ; - yet wise enough,
To make the letcher lose his longing,

Sir Ro. Ha ? this the delight I look'd for,

Mar. 'Tis reported,
Ha's done her good ; — settled a poore estate
Vpon her aged father ; — and of goodnesse,
Must the reward be Sinne ? — must she for this,

become

The Country Girt.

Become his whore? his strumpet?

Sir Rob. Peg. — sweete *Peg.*

Mar. Were I as she is, what so ere shee be,
I should so fit his Knight shippe; - and so firke
That satyre, - Monky, - that Baboone, - that Goate -

Sir Ro. Some Conjurat[i]on, witchcraft

Thra. How he swears.

Enter Lady Mallory

Mar. Sister, pray call our mother.

Gill. Lady Mother.

La Mal. How now what's the matter?

Sir Ro. How's this? her mother? why, this is my
Lady; - or, - the divell in

My Ladyes likenesse. - I'm sure sheel know me.

La Ma. Desire to speake with me sir?

Sir Ro. You forsooth? - will not she know me.

Lady. I cannot stand to talk sir.

Sir Ro. Not with me?

Lady. With you sir? - no sir; what are you sir?

Sir Ro. Ha? -- doe not you know me Lady?

Lady. Know you sir?

How? - when? - where? - why? - for what sir!

Sir Rob. How? - when? - where? - why? -- for what sir?
why heere's

The finest mad fitt; - the most worshipfull Peece of Lunacy, that
A man shall desire to looke on.

Why, are not you my wife?

Laay. Thy wife?

Sir Ro. My wife.

Lady. I hope - my right worshipfull Husband - you will not
Seeme Icerd And deryded. -

He challenges me, - for his Wife!

Thra. My Lady, your wife? By this chaine; an you play
The mad Alderman here, - you were better ha' don't in bedlam
Your wife?

Go to; -- no more but so; - go to.

Abra. Our right worshipfull mother, your wife? -
By this Sattin go to; - no more but so, - go to

The Country Girl.

Gill. My mother, your wife sir? - mary come up, for a wife sir;
Were it not, as it is; - that Gentility holds my hands - !

Mar. Me thinks, in such a gentleman, as you are,
Such sport, - so old; - and such a Reverend man;
This wildness shewes not handsome. (*Thra. and Lady kisse*)

Sir Ro. Handsome, quotha!

My wife, my spouse deny me! death they kisse:
An I be mad, - I'll play the mad mans part
A little longer - hearken you gentlewoman;
Are not you my wife? - are not you my Tennant? -
Are not you *Abram Ninne*? you *Gillian*

Of *Brainsford*? - you pretty *Peg of Edmonton*?

And this Little house here, mine owne sir; - death, they leere me
Is your mery divell - that cheated the divell, come again to make
Merry amongst you? - well, I see, how the case stands: this is
A trick of my Ladyes, to Racke, - to deride, - and shame me:
She has found me out - and there's no houlding out any longer,
Peg, - wife - Peg: - I confesse sweete Peg, there stands the Peg,
That I had a desire, to have playd at mumble de Peg with all
But - dost thou heare me? - lady, madam, Peg

Lady. The old mans mad.

Sir Ro. I were mad indeed, -- an I should not know mine own
Lady! Preehee torment me no longer, - good Love, good Hony,
Good Pigfart, I was wanton; - I was wanton, - I confesse it, --
But heare what I'll tell thee, in private

Abra. When, we walke thus abroad how our once familiar
Acquaintance will Bow and Adore our Sattin. -
But, we know the worshipfull Nod; - for a word, -
We shall hardly Afford 'em.

Lady. May I believe all this?

Sir Rob. Believe it Peg? - if ere, I be troubled,
With this foolish vagary agen;
If there be, to be spied, the least touch of this, 'tch about me,
Let those worthy men, with whom I sit, set me beside my seate
And devise, some new Torment, to tame me. - Nay let my frailty
Be put in Print, - and sung, that the City, may Ring on't!

Lad. You have protested well; and I believe you:

This

The Country Girl.

This fault, is pardoned -

Sir Ro. You must Seale it then -

How like, the right worshipfull, this now ?

Ibra. By this chaine, - exceeding well sir.

Abra. I pretest, by this farrin, it is sir.

Sir Ro. Please your worships,

May I possesse her now ? - doe yee know me now ?

All. Our worthy, - and right worshipfull landlord.

Sir Rob. Will your farrin, submit to that sir ? - *Peg,* - I love the :
Not for thy beauty, - but thy vertues Girl.

The testimony of it, shall be this : - your states

Shall be as great, as they appeare to be,

I have spare bags, will do't wench. - Come, we must

Give Vertue now - what we decreed to lust. - *(Exeunt)*

Enter Mr. William, - Cutbert, and Hugh

Mr W. You have done, to my directions gentlemen.

Cut. Have we not, bully *Will* ?

Hu. Have we not sir ?

Mr. W. I have plac'd *Mr. Rash*, - where he expects his lady,
With a heart, as light, as a bubble.

Cut. And I, *Mr. Timothy Plush.*

Hu. And I, *Mr. Gregory Dwindle.*

M. W. Mine like one, that had six pence a day, for his labour,
Stands here at the upper end of *Lymestreete.*

Cut. mine, in the Middle

Hu. And mine, at the lower end on't.

M. W. But all unscene, - till they see their times to discover.
Most amiable Lady, cries mine !

Cut. Most splendidious Beauty, mine

Hu. O rifeous Mistris, mine.

M. W. Proceed we now to our purpose, Away to your stands ;
And stand to your tacklings rightly. *(Exeunt Cut, and Hu :)*

Now, must I backe, for my imagined lady ; *(to, their stands.)*

Whose amiable Presence, is infinitely wisht

And expected - *(Exit, where he entred.) Enter Rash at his*

Rash. Sweet *Mr. William*

stand.

The Country Girle.

Well, the minutes comming,
That is, as 'twere, the crowne of all the houres;
Of all the dayes, the weckes, of all the moneths:
Nay, in a word, -- of all those many yeares
That have fore-run it. — Lady, Lady, come
Sweetest, of all sweet women, come, come quickly.

*Enter Master William & Barbary, as
his Lady veild.*

(her-maid,

M. Wil. Come, as you hope to be translated from a frie Cham-
That is, — a Maid, & no Maid (for so are the most of your function)
To a civill Citizens wife, -- Carry thy selfe, -- like a woman
Of rote and carriage. — That blows in jeast should swell thus!
But, this loose-bodied blacke conceales it
Master Rash.

Enter Rash againe, at his stand.

Rash. Master William.

M. Wil. Sweet master *Rash*, your servant.

Rash. Lady, — you shoure upon my head all happinesse.

M. Wil. Something she may in good time sir. —

A word in private Lady.

(*Whisper.*)

Rash. It would grieve a man, for one so white as she is to attend
To the middle in snow; — Nor for one so red as she, to wade to
The chin in blood: — for her white is whiter then snow, and
Her red then the blush of Roses.

M. Wi. It is my Ladyes pleasure, that you turn up that corner, —
And so go through Allgate to the Towre; — where — she,
Having dispatch'd a little businesse with a Gentlewoman
A little below here, will instantly be pleased to meet you,
To finish the thing you wot of.

Rash. Our happy Nuptials sir?

M. W. Your happy Nuptialls.

Rash. The Tower?

M. Wi. The Tower — Her care has made all things ready.

Rash. I shall attend you Lady. — (*Exit, at his stand.*)

M. Wi. Is not this handsome, *Bab*?

Bab. It will be anon, Mr. William. *Enter Cut, from his stand.*

Cut. Stand fast master *Plush*, I beseech you,
While I goe looke out for the Lady.

M. Willi.

The Country Girle.

M. Wil. Honest *Cut Hough-man!* — you know your part.

Cut. And shall act it to the life, never feare it.

M. Wil. You are perfect too, I doubt not.

Bab. To a Syllable, — sweet Master william.

Cut. We must not word off time thus: — Now shee's mine
Doe you stand aside, and observe us. —
So, all the state you can thinke on.

Sweet master *Plush.*

Enter Plush at his stand.

Plu. Honest *Cut*, let me be cut into steakes, if I make not thee
A great man, for this piece of service.

Cut. I know you a man, of a most magnanimous soule sir.

Plu. Thou fair'st the Sun ere darted ray upon;
Thou Non-parallel, — thou jem, thou Paragon,
What shall I call thee? — Call thee what I can,
I shall but praise thee, — like a mortall man,
Thou more then mortall woman! — O, me thinkes,
I could so tickle thee in phrase and flash,
Beauty was ne'r so tickled! Let me embrace thee. — So!
And kisse thee, — so! — Nectar, Nectar, Nectar.

Cut. He said he would Tickle her, but she has tickled him,
I am sure on't.

Plu. Depart so soone, sweet beauty?

Bab. You know my heart, and have it: — I have businesse, —
But here hard by sir, for an houre, or so;
Which done I shall returne.

Plu. But will you?

Bab. Will I? — what else doe you thinke I came for?

Plu. Queene of beauty.

Bab. And then. —

Plu. And then, — I shall attend you Lady!

Cut. But to your stand, — you must be private, — so sir, (*Exit Plush*
How thinke you of this Master *William*? (*to his stand.*

M. Wil. O, rarely, rarely!

Cut. Then Sculke a little longer, and we'll have it rarer yet sir.

Hu. Stand fast master *Dwindle*, I beseech you. *Enter Hugh at*
Whilst I goe looke out for the Lady *his stand.*

Cut? — And how ist, *Madona Barbara*? — She is now

The Country Girl.

My charge — Goe, — backe to the stand, you came from, tell Spruce master *Plush*, that the Lady is now at her businesse ; and That you'l bear him company, til her Ladships time of returning.

Cut. Thou hast counsell'd me right rarely. — (*Exit to his stand*)

Hu. So, — as your lesson is ;

With all the Pride a womans heart can thinke on — *Mr. Dwindle.*

Greg. Honest *Hugh*, — well,
I shall thinke upon thee.

*Enter Greg Dwindle, from
his stand.*

Hu. Thinke ? — Can you thinke me, a new suit ? —

Thinke me a new Sword ? — Thinke me a new Belt ? —

Thinke me a new Beaver ? — or thinke me a Pouch full of pieces ? —

I thinke, — you thinke, — no such matter.

Greg. I thinke thou thinkst right honest *Hughkin*.

Hu. Why then, — I thinke what I thinke, — and
There's an end of our thinking.

Greg. Well, an my Father would but dye once.

Hu. Your Father dye ?

Greg. Hee's threescore yeares old and upward,
Is't not time he should now, goe downward ?

Hu. And time, that you should goe Westward.

Greg. How I love you Lady, — you may see by my eyes : —
Which have nothing else to do, were the day as long as a dozen,
But to gaze up n thee, — and thy Beauty,
Or — by my heart, — sweet Lady. — By that lip I doe —
By those two lips ; which I take for a Book, — with two leaves —
And thus — I take, — my oath upon it. (*A long kisse*)

Hu. But hearke you, — doe you heare ? — master *Dwindle*.
'Slight, there's an oath indeed.

Greg. I sweare but seldome, — but then I doe sweare to purpose.

Hu. I see, — you like her ; — that liking her, you love her ; — —
And that loving her, you will lye with her, — and that lying with
Her, you will —

Greg. What sir.

Hu. What sir, — an you know not what sir, you may turne
Her over to me sir : An I lye with her, and doe not something ;
Who then let her say, I have — Nothing.

Greg. Be gone sweet Lady ? Why I thought you had come,
To

The Country Girl.

To go to Church with me to be married.

Bab. You know my heart, and have it: onely fir,
I have a little businesse, - here hard by;
An houre, or such a thing; - which overpast, --- I shall Returne.

Greg. But will you?

Bab. By this kisse.

Greg. A most sweet oath, I take it. (Kisse)

Hu. Betake you to your Stand then, and stand close.

Bar. Being so neere the place I am to goe to,
Till I returne, pray keepe him company. ---

Gr. Well, an my Father would but dye once. - (Ex. to the stand)

M.W. Mistress *Barbary*, I could praise thee a whole day together,
But, we must follow, what followes. --- (Exit at the end.)

Plu. Me thinkes --- Enter *Plush* and *Cut*, from their stand.
This houre, is a very long houre, Master *Cutbert*,

Cut. A lovers houre, in the presence of his M.stris, is a minute;-
But, in her absence, --- he thinkes every minute an houre fir.

Plu. Well, shee is a wondrous sweet one.

Cut. You doe not smell her hither, I hope fir?

Plu. I meane in her Aspect; --- her countenance.

Cut. How blest shall you be in this Lady? (of.

Plu. I thanke the Fates, I shall:- & thou shalt not be unthought

Cut. I doubt not your worships bounty. ---

Beseech you a word in private. --- (Whisper.)

Enter *Hugh* and *Gregory* from their stand.

Hu. You are the most impatient Lover, that beautifull eye ever
Look'd on, why halfe her houre is not out yet.

Greg. Well, -- 'tis the longest houre.

Hu. But, as you were about to say,
Concerning the choyce of a wife fir.

Gr. Why, thus I do say, honest *Hughkin*, - I would have my wife,-
Like *Alexanders*-- Horse.

Hu. How's that? --- Your wife like a Horse fir?

Greg. Like *Alexanders* horse, I would fir.

Hu. And why, -- like *Alexanders* Horse Master *Gregory*?
Why, as that Horse, - would let no man ride him, but *Alexander*;
So, I would have my wife, let no man ride her, but- *Gregory*.

Hu. Good

The Country Girl.

Hu Good truth, you say right ; -- In right there's no wrong ; --
No wrong, there's no hurt ; -- no hurt, there's no danger, —
No feare, -- and, no feare, — why so much for that sir.

Cut. Birlady, as you say, she stayes somewhat long indeed sir.
Pray heaven, your Rivall- Master *Gregory Dwindle* have not
Met with her.

Plu. *Dwindle* ?

Cut. He, -- I do halfe suspect it — He has been later with her,
Then you imagine, he has sir.

Plu. The next time I meet him, -- I will kill him.

Cut. I would not have you die sir : — But —

Plu. That Butt, will I Run full Butt at, and broach him.

Hu. I doe but tell you, what I thinke, Master *Gregorie*.

Greg. That *Plush* has met her ?

Hu. I have seene somewhat more then I'll speake of.

Greg. Well, -- an my Father would but dye once.

Hu. I talke sir of *Plush*, your Rivall ; — you must fight.

Greg. Well, an I must, I must ; -- I'll examine my Sword,
And see, how hee'll stand to the Businesse. (*Draw, and bend*)

Cut. Your Rivall sir, your Rivall, --
With his Sword starke naked already.

Plu. My Sword can goe naked too sir. (*They draw*)

Hu. Your Ryvall sir, -- turne, and defend your selfe ;
Y'are a dead man selfe.

Plu. *Dwindle*, thou hast wrong'd me.

Greg. *Plush*, -- thou hast wrong'd me.

Plu. Thou hast stolne away my Lady from me.

Greg. Thou hast stolne away my Lady from me.

Plu. For which, -- though I be loth —

Greg. For which, though I be loth —

Cut. Pox o' you both, for Coxcombs. —

As Y'are a Gentleman, strike him.

Hu. As y'are a Gentleman strike him. *While they are fight-*
An they hurt one another ; -- hang me. *ing a farre off.*

Cut. Hold, hold, hold, *Enter Rastb, Barbary, Mr. William and*
You are gul'd Gentlemen, you are guld:
Looke there's the Lady you fight for. (*a Priest.*)

Hu. Master

The Country Girl.

Hu. Mr. *Rash* the Mercer.

Cut. And the Parson, that join'd together.

Greg. Revenge, revenge.

Plu. Blood, and Revenge, assist me.

Parson. Why gentlemen? - what meane you, Gentlemen?

Rash. Mr. *Plush*, - Mr. *Gregory Dwindle*.

Bab. Mr. *Dwindle*; Mr. *Timothy Plush*.

Plu. This - Lady, is for you.

Rash. Your Beauty Lady.

Bab. Lady, me no Ladyes; for I'll be a Lady no Longer, I am,
My Ladyes Chamber-mayd; doe you know me? (disclose)

Plu. *Greg.* My Ladyes Chamber mayde?

Mr. Wil. An you know her not yet, you may know her hereafter, - by

Rash. By that sir? - what sir? Villany, Villany, Villany! (this)

Bab. Noe matter for that; I'll be honest enough to you sir.

Rash. Villany, villany, villany, (he runs off)

Bab. You cannot fly so fast; but I can follow -- (Exit hastily)

Mr. Wil. I'll - follow too, - and use my best skill to Attone'em - *Exu.*

Plu. My Ladyes Chamber-mayde?

Cut. The Lady her self, is a dish, - for your selte, to feast on.

Plu. I't possible?

Cut. As to doe thus.

Plu. O rare.

Greg. Gull him with the maid, - to help me to the bed of the Mistris?

Hu. You see my Love sir, - foolish Remnant Seller;

A Citizen: — you are a Gentleman!

Greg. Well; an my Father, would but dye once!

Hu. That time, will come.

Greg. I would it were gone, honest Hughkin.

Cut. So much, I know my Ladyes Bosome sir.

That what I speake, I'll Iustifie. -- Shee's yours.

Hu. I thinke, I have said enough sir.

Greg. I shall have her.

Hu. Shall I talke? - shall I walke? shall I cate? shall I drinke?
Shall I sleepe? - shall I live? - shall I dye sir?

Cut. But, you must tread the path, I put you in;

An you straye, but a foote, you loose her.

The Country Girl.

Hu. But,--as I have told you, Mr. Gregory Dwindle,
You must not misse a haire of my directions.

Plu. Honest Cutt,— I am for this thing, -- any thing, -- all things,
To compasse the Bed of the Lady.

Greg. An I do not do as I should do, - may I never come to doe,--
What I wou'd doe.

Cut. You have said enough. And go I'll direct you better. *Ex. at one end*

Hu. Do this, shee's yours:- As we go Ile direct you better.

Exit at the other end.

ACT. 5.

*Enter Captaine in his Night-gowne, Doctor, Servants,
Chaire and stooles.*

Doct. Have tender hands upon him. - so, now Leave us.

Capt. Your goodnesse mixing with those things you apply,
Doubles their vertue, and to all you do
Sets a most wisht Conclusion. *(Knocke within)*

Doct. See who knockes. -- *(Exit Serv.)*

Capt. I make no question, I shall find you such,
Concerning the concealement of my friend,
That worthy Gentleman, Sir Olyver,
As I desire, to find you.

Enter Servant.

Doct. All I am, — is at your service, Captaine. — Now sir.

Serv. Sir, here's the mourning Lady so much talk'd of
Sir Robert Mallory, and his Lady sir,
That good, good Lady.

Capt. Trust me, y'are to blame.
They were not entred with you? — Preethee step
And do't with thy best dutie: — Nay, I knew
The Rumour of our unsuspected Quarrell
So spread, as I have caus'd it to be spread,

They would not long be from me, *Enter Sir Rob. & Mallory, his*
They are come, -- you know my thoughts. *Lady, & the Lady Mosely.*

Doct. Feare not my care; I doe sir,
Ladys, — and kind Sir Robert, -- you are welcome.

Sir Rob.

The Country Girl.

Sir Rob. I't well, to see men Ill fir ; - How I't Capitaine ?

Capt. Faith a weake man *Sir Robert.*

Sir Rob. Nay, nay sister ;

Then I shall chide you, weeping ? Come come drye
Thou hast wept too much, already.

La. Mal. Had I thought

To come, had bin to meete this new occasion
Of greife, and anguish, I must tell you plainly
You had come alone, for me.

Sir Rob. Come, wipe your eyes.

La. Mos. You may as well forbid the Bigswoln Cloude
By the Suns Ardor melted into Dropps,
To fall upon the Bosome of the earth ;

As my swolne grieft (Resolved into these teares)
To fall from their full Fountaines. - Half the Number,
Is for thy wounds (rash Capitaine) t'other Halfe,
For that sad gentleman, (where ere he be)
Whose hard happe 'twas to make 'em : And, in them,
To make me Author of this Bloody worke
And his perpetuall Exile

Capt. 'twas my phrensie,
I, wretched I, was Author.

Sir Rob. Interchange

Embraces, congyes ; - and, to our Belcefe,
The Language of two Brothers ; - And all this
But meerely shew ? - false colours ; - a faire Masque
Ore the stern ; - Rough, and Formidable Face
Of such a Mortall Envy ? - you were cunning

La. Mos. But, to our purpose fir : - our comming was,
Hearing that worthy Gentleman, *Sir Olyver*,
Vpon this Bloudy Accident, was fled.
(For nothing else, is on the 'voyce of Rumour)
To learne, the certainty of you.

Capt. Hee, fled.

To stoppe his flight, (though for his safeties sake
He hid himselfe in some obscure disguise)
I gave him, what encouragement, I could ;

The Country Girl?

Told him, my wounds were nothing : made their depth
Appeare, but shallow scratches ; - That the losse.
Of twice the Blood went from 'em, could not leave
My heart so Pale, as to Recoile against
The worst they threatned : - Have proclaimed the hand
Of Noble *Bellingham* from all this Blood,
As white as Innocency.

All. How?

Capt. I have,
And tane the purple staine upon my self ;
For 'twas my selfe wounded my selfe ; - not He.

All. Your self?

Capt. You call me, to a strict account.
For he that's lost in such a storme of furie,
Cannot be said, to be himselfe.

La. Mal. You have spoke
A noble way to acquit him.

Sir Rob. But, it may be
Imagining, we know the Place to which
He has betane him to conceale himselfe,
You speake all this, in hope wee'll name the place,
And so Discover him, to what revenge
Your spleene shall seeke upon him.

Capt. To revenge?

To any, but your self this harsh Suspicion
Should have as harsh an answer : But to you
I'll thus acquit me : doe you see this Ring?
Your Teares, will hardly let you see't : - yet Lady
Pray looke upon it. - Can you call to minde

A former fight on't?

La. Mos. I have scene it sure. *Sir Olyver,* I take it.

Capt. Lady 'twas.

Sir Rob. Now I looke better on't, it was indeed.
Then knowest it too.

La. Mal. I doe sir : - what of this?

La. Mos. What comfort yeilds the sight on't?

Capt. I have shewne

The Country Girl.

This, to acquit me of those treacherous thoughts
That you suspected in me, 'gainst the life
Of noble *Bellingham*; — Who -- as he parted,
(To take a Journey in uncertaine paths,) —
Left this Ring with me.

Sir Rob. You have charm'd us now, --- from all our harsh suspicions.

Capt. Till he gave me

This cause to hate him, I ne'r lov'd him : Now,
I doe not grieve so much, this losse of Blood,
Nor all the smart goes with it, as by this
I have lost the fight and the society
Of such a faire example of all Goodnesse,
As I shall ne'r more looke on. — I could tell you
How much (beyond the sufferings of a Man)
I dar'd him to the field : — How meeting there,
He did not looke upon me as a Foe ;
Or, one that thirsted a Revenge, — but one
That onely met to shew he durst, -- and then,
Seem'd — in the language of his looke — at once
To speake the Dreyrie issue of a fight,
And -- to advise to shun it. — Till he saw
My weapon out, — His scpt within his Scabberd.
Both equally prepar'd, -- my weapon onely
Labour'd for blood ; — His, onely his owne guard
Without desire to touch me. In a word,
What you see done, — I made him doe ; — and done,
His heart wept blood to thinke on't. — When another
(Seeing his state thus dangerous) would have fled;
I could not counsell him to't, -- but in this,
As all his Actions, valuing noble things
Above his life -- he tooke into's embraces
My wounded body ; — Brought me from the field ;
And to the diligence, and well known skill
Of this good man has left me : Leaving with him,
(I almost blush, to doe him right in that)
His ample satisfaction for my Cure,
Or whatsoe're may be demanded.

The Country Girl.

Sir Rob. Sir ya've given him a fair Character,

Capt. He were

Baier then Envy would not. - and all this

He did i'th Honour of your Beauty Lady,

Sir Rob. Lady. *La. Mal.* deare sister. - *Doff.* Lady.

Capt. He lov'd you dearely : Can his Praises, then
offend your care ?

La. Mos. No every fillable

Of his commends is musique. - But to thinke,

That, for my sake this much Commended worth,

(Yet much above, the great commends it has)

Should- thus be lost O, I could weepe my self,

Into my sencelesse Statue ! - *Bellingham!*

O Noble, noble *Bellingham!*

All. Sister.

Capt. Lady :

If his Commends be musicke in your care,

Be patient, and heare more on't. - once agen.

To this : - 'Twas his ; - and (as I said before)

He left it as he parted : But, not myne,

But thine, - thou best of women : - his desire,

You'd weare it for him : - when, you looke upon it,

You'd thinke upon him ; thinking, that you'd give

His wandring steps fair wishes.

La. Mos. As I would

My soule, departing, on her Iourny hence

To her eternall dwelling.

Capt. Pray observe,

How in this ring, h'as emblem'd all the world,

And all her painted gloryes. - looke you Madam.

A bed of Roses-wither'd. - And the word,

Celestia non sic! - tis not thus in heav'n!

There's no decay ; no failing, All things there

Their Innate Beautyes doe for ever weare:

For ever, their full flourish : - Here below,

Our best Ioyes wither; All things Ebb and Flow. - Indeed-

He was not master of that thing, from which

He

The Country Girl.

He did not draw, (as out of this small compasse,
Sweete and Celestiall uses ! -- was a man,
As heaven had onely made a man to make
By his example, multitudes of men,
Such as it selfe would have 'em. }-you weepe still.

La. Mos. No hope, agen, to see him ?

Capt. Doe you wish it ?

La. Mos. As life, as health, as Heaven !

Capt. You will not then deny one kindnesse to me ?

Sir Rob. what i' st Captaine ?

Now you have left your love-suite fir ; -and seeme
To be a spoakes-man, for young *Bellingham*
She can deny you nothing : -what i' st Captaine ?

Capt. Faith onely this *Sir Robert*. -I would Begg
Since Shee desires to see him, that, for that
Shee'd Let me weare this Diamond but till I find
Fit time to send it to him.

All. Send it ?

Capt. Yes — No strict enquiries of me : I have spok
If you dare trust me —

La. Mos. But direct me fir — I'll Bear't my selfe.

Capt. You know my Bosome Lady ;
If you will send it.

La. Mos. Take it.

Sir Rob. Take it Captaine, — but —

Capt. I conceive all that you can urge me to,
And will performe to your owne wish. — My wounds
Call for your helpe fir. — I must now desire
You would be pleas'd to leave me.

Sir Rob. Wee'd be loth
To be a hindrance to the happinesse
That we all wishfor.

All. Farewell noble Captaine, (*Exit manant Doctor*

Doct. Come, shal I look upon your wounds ? (*& Captain.*

Capt. No, no :

I fain'd my selfe much fainter then I am,
To hasten them to leave me.

Thankes

The Country Girl.

Thanks to your Art ; - and you great Master of it.

I feele my legs sturdy supporters now,
And for a need could travell. — *Bellingham.*

*Ent. Bellingham
from the Arras.*

You have observ'd these passages ?

Sir Oly. I have ;

Untene I have seene, and overheard 'em.

Capt. Then — I hope you have seen, that I have plaied the part
Of a just Advocate.

Sir Oly. Sir, y'ave done

For me, — the most unworthy — such a Love
As I shall ne'r make even with.

Capt. No more ;

Th'Exchange is made, *Sir Olyver* : — there, - take it, *(the Ring)*
She dreames not fir, you ha't so suddenly :

But, what's to follow — I must change my seat,
For this has tyr'd me fir. — Wee'll take more houres
Sufficiently to thinke on.

Sir Oly. Noble Captaine. — *(Exeunt.)*

Enter Adaster William, Cut, and Hugh.

Mr. Wil. Will these foolish Suitors be troublesome still ?
And still live in hope of my Lady ?

Hu. Hang 'em Puttocks ; you shall heare more of them hereafter.

Cut. But how is't with *Rash*, and his piece of *Rash*, *Mistris Barbary* ?

M. W. Faith, he's not so rash as he was, with some supple perswasions
Of mine ; — her hanging the head, -- beating the breast, wringing
The hands, -- wiping the neyes, - and lamentably breathing some
Hundred and fifty Heigh'os ; he was wonne in the end to busse her, to
Embrace her, -- to busse her again. -- He buss'd, - and she buss'd, - and they
Both buss'd so long, - till at last, -- overcome in this conflict of kisses ;
He yeelded himselfe her Captive, and has vowed
Till his death to love her as deare as his life.

Cut. How now ? what Musick's this ? *Musicke, and a Song from*

M. W. 'Tis applied to my Ladyes melancholic, *the musick roome.*
But I feare me to little purpose, -- peace, a Song.

The Song ended, Enter Sir Robert.

Sir Rob. Now, Master William,
How fares my Sister, and your Lady ? -- ha ?

Mr. Wil.

The Country Girl.

M. Wy. Shee's a sad Lady ; — and so sad, *Sir Robert*,
That no delights, that her most loving friends
Present unto her Sences, from her breast
Can take one minutes anguish. *Enter Lady Mallory.*

Sir Rob. Well, I feare me,
Shee'll pine her selfe into her winding-sheet.
Now *Peg*, how is't ? — how does our sister ? ha ?
Can't smile, and tell me, there's as cleare a skie
Vpon her beauty ? No, that down-cast look
I feare me's her sad pi&ure.

La. Mal. 'Tis indeed :
But the occasion of her grieving's chang'd.

Sir Rob. What's the sad matter now then ?

La. Mal. Onely now, — young *Bellingham's* sad absence.

Sir Rob. *Bellingham* ?

La. Mal. For which, with many sighes, with many teares,
Many abrupted fillables, extolling
His noble worth and goodnesse ; — she accuses
Her wretched selfe ; -- making her selfe the cause
Of that sad sight, and this lamented Issue.
It grieves me thus to see her ; — and as much
To leave her in it, — I must in again :
Come, will you in, *Sir Robert* ? *Exit.*

Sir Rob. Goe, I'll follow.

Heav'n never pity me, but for the weight
Of sorrow, lyes upon her tender heart,
My heart's as full of anguish.

My brave Captaine,
Doe you so much compassionate the teares
Of my poore sister, as thus weake and ill,
To come to see, and comfort her ?

Capt. *Sir Robert*,
I thanke my great Restorer, I am well.
But, were I at the weak't, hearing her griefe,
I should forget mine owne, and tender that
My best respects, and service.

Sir Rob. You are Noble.

L

Capt.

The Country Girl.

Capt. Still grieving her lost Husband ?

Sir Rob. Questionlesse,

There's some remaines of that : — but with it fir,
Sh'as now th'addition of your blood : with that
The flight of him, that yours commends, --- and his
Better considered worthinesse, has made
So noble to her, Noble *Bellingham*,
For whom, as one by her occasion lost,
Her conscience seemes to check her : -- and retyr'd
Into her melancholy chamber, sits
As in a Cell : -- whence all the loving meanes
That can be us'd, have not the power to move her.

Capt. In her Chamber ?

And this strong Passion for young *Bellingham* ?

Pray call a servant :

Sir Rob. Some within there.

(Enter a Servant.)

Beare this to your sad Lady fir, and tell her
The man she grieves for, will not long be from her ;
And that the bringer of it does desire
She would be pleas'd, that he might see her here.

Sir Rob. Here, tell her here : -- goe, fetch her. *Exit ser-*

Capt. Nay, if that

(vans.)

Be her discase, this is the cure or nothing,

Sir Rob. Why, is young *Bellingham* return'd ?

Capt. You see

The Ring she sent him is return'd : from that,

Let me alone to cure her.

Enter Margaret brave.

Sir Rob. Now my Peg,

What comfort brings thy comming ?

Marg. That my tongue

Were furnisht with those words that might delight you :

I know, there's in this wish, and the sad signes

It is delivered with, answer enough

Touching your worthy Sisters heavinesse,

To make your hearts as heavy. — But my charge,

Is from my Lady, to intreat you would

Be pleas'd to come and see her.

Sir Rob.

The Country Girl.

Sir Rob. See her wench?

Prethee goe in againe, and tell thy Lady,
We hope she'll leave her solitary Cell, --- and come to us.

Marg. To you sir?

Sir Rob. Nay, nay, goe, -- and tell her what I bid thee. *Exit Margaret.*

Capt. Pray sir *Robert*,
What Beautie's this?

Sir Rob. A pretty beauty sir.

Capt. But that her wearings are so faire and costly,
I should — from Fames rich pencilling a Virgin,
That was your foster daughter, take that piece,
And this to be one beautie.

Sir Rob. So to take,
Is not to take amisse sir; this is she:
This is that Girl, beleeve me.

Capt. Still a Virgin!

Sir Rob. As from her Mother, Captaine.

Capt. And her heart — her own sir, and unpromis'd.

Sir Rob. Yet beleeve me,
Dost like her, noble Captaine?

Capt. To enjoy her,
As the sole mistris of my purest desires,
Is the greatest happinesse that I can aime at.

Sir Rob. You know her Birth.

Capt. 'Tis noble in her vertues.

Sir Rob. If vertue be the best Nobility,
'Tis so indeed. — Goe, thou shalt have her Captaine.
And howsoere, set lightly by, till now,
Sh'as now some weight; -- five hundred Pieces Captain,
Five hundred golden Pieces. *Enter the Servant.*

Serv. Your Lady Sister's comming sir.

Capt. Please you,
I'll in, and try my fortunes with her sir.
What follows of the Ring I sent, — this Doctor
Can as well finish, as my selfe were here,
I'll not be long about it.

Sir Rob. Say you so sir?

The Country Girl.

Here, take this Ring, 'twill helpe you. — Never not feare her :
 Goe in and wooe her ; win her, and then weare her, *Exit Capt.*

I see that Ring has brought her : *Ent. Lady Mosely, La. Mallory,*
 How is't Sister ? *and Mr. William.*

La. Mos. Reviv'd a little by the sight of this,
 But let me see the man I sent it to,
 And then that cure upon my griefe, — you wish'd,
 Is to your wish effected.

Sir Rob. Master Doctor.

La. Mos. Where is he ? -- speake, who brought it ?

Sir Oli. I did Lady.

La. Mos. You ? — What are you sir ?

Sir Oli. My Profession Lady,
 My habit shewes you : I am he that cur'd
 The Captaine that he wounded.

Ladies. *Mullynex ?*

Sir Oli. That Captaine Ladyes.

La. Mos. Is he well ?

Sir Oli. He is.

Sir Rob. As meat can make him ; and his flesh as whole as a fish,
 Take my word for that Lady sister.

La. Mos. Ha ? — where ? where is he ?

Sir Rob. Faith, somewhere here about the house he is,
 And see, he appeares in his likensse.

Y'are as good as your word ; -- you have got her. *Enter Captaine with Margaret.*

Capt. Not with child yet, but I hope I shall doe ere long ;
 Now heaven give us joy, and all's done sir.

Sir Rob. Heaven give you joy ; -- I'll give you the gold I promis'd you.
 You see the Captaine is well Sister.

La. Mos. Why then returns not *Bellingham* ? -- or does he,
 (Hearing his goodnesse has inthrald my heart)

Neglect me now, 'cause I neglected him,
 When my fresh griefes inforst me ? -- If he doe,
 I must confesse it but a just revenge :

And so (as long as griefe shall give me leave)
 Shall patiently indure it.

Capt. But you shall not,

You

The Country Girl.

You have indur'd beyond a womans strength,
And shall indure no longer. — Master Doctor,
You are the man must cure her.

Sir Oli. Beauteous Lady,

'Twas your command, I should not trouble you
With any tedious Love-suit; -- and you see
I have done, what you have enjoyn'd me: -- Now I hope
I have your voluntary grant.

La. Mos. I am now,

What Noble *Bellingham* shall please to make me.

Sir Rob. No doubt he'll make much o'thee Sister, -- wilt thou not
My brave fir, of a thousand *per Annum*? (Knight?)

Sir Oli. Shee's now mine owne; and in this union fir,
The best delights that her desires would have,
Are mine, mine owne; -- and I shall so pursue 'em.

Sir Rob. And what say you master Captaine?

Capt. To my *Pegge*!

I say (as he has said) -- that shee's my selfe,
As you have said; -- that shee's my Girle; -- my Pearle;
Her voyce, I will hang in my care: -- Her face in mine eye;
Her pretty little waste in mine armes;
And being in armes, let the Souldier alone to come on fir.

Sir Rob. Why godamercy Captain. — Now to Church, *Enter master William.*
Nay, wee'le not lose a minute.

Mr. Wi. Beseech you stay a little, there's that mirth in your way *Enter*
I dare promise will be worth your beholding: *Rash and Bab like*
See, see't appears. *a Puritan.*

La. Mal. Who's this? — Master *Rash*?

Rash. The very same, an't please you.

Sir Oli. Your suit continued still fir?

Rash. I have turn'd up another suit now fir.

Sir Rob. Your Wife!

Rash. Even so fir.

Bab. Verily so fir. — Doe not you know me Lady?

La. Mos. Truth not I.

Bab. Nor you, nor you, nor you?

La. Mal. We know thee not.

The Country Girl.

Marg. What art thou?

Bab. This 'tis, to put off our vaine & superfluous colours, and to walk As becommeth the zealously metamorphos'd. I was your Creature Lady.

La. Mos. How? my creature?

Bab. In the phrase of the world 'twas so. — But I am now, — mine own, Yet, — verily — I doe erre, — for — no wife, — is her owne disposer. Verily none : — for we — to affirme sincerely, are but members Of our Head, the man; — our Spouse, — and our Superiour.

All. How *Bab*!

Mr. Wil. That Barbary Button, beleeve me.

Capt. How comes she to speake in the nose so?

Mr. Wil. The tone of the Brethren, and the Sisters; But, what doe you thinke of this Member?

Bab. Though begot, — and conceiv'd in vanity : — being borne in the State of Matrimony, the offence, — may no doubt be remitted, and the Innocent, in time, may prove a most, — zealous member.

Sir Oli. And what thinke you sir?

Rash. I thinke, as my wife thinkes, — for man and wife are one.

Bab. Verily, you have said, & said — like a zealous husband, *Enter Cut.*

Cut. Give way there Gentlemen.

(bert.

All. Why, what's the matter?

Cut. Your shadow Lady; — and your Rivall sir : The prettiest fancie; the most dainty Dreame ! Beseech you Madam, stand aside a little, Much joy betide your worship.

*Enter Plush and Gil-
lian as the Lady.*

Plush. Godamercy;

Having this Beauty, I have all the joyes

My Auspicious Starres could give me. Honest *Cut*;

This service shall not be unthought of *Cut*.

Cut. Well Master *Gregorie*, — an you doe hang your selfe.

Plu. Why, an he does, he does, — we cannot helpe it.

Cut. Yet it would grieve a man. —

Plu. Grieve a pudding : — And it grieve not him to do't, it shall never Grieve me to heare on't. — We are now man and wife.

Cut. For better, for worse sir.

Plu. Then, for better, for worse, I will keepe her. —

Why

The Country Girl.

Why, there's another Rivall o' mine, -- Sir Oliver, —
Say he should take the same journey, and goe to
Heaven in a Halter after him; can I helpe it?

Sir Oli. I confesse, you cannot: — thanke you master *Plush.*

Plu. I did but say, -- an - an you should sir.

Sir Oli. No, though the losse be somewhat grievous to me,
The sorrow shall not goe so deepe: -- she's yours.

Plu. As sure as the Church can make her.

Sir Oli. What must be, must be sir; much joy betide you. *Enter Gre-*

Plush. Thanke you.

gorie, the old Gentlewoman, as the

Greg. Now Lady,

Lady and Hugh.

In spite of all my Rivalls, you are mine.

Old Gent. I am sir.

Greg. I know thou art, and thereupon —.

Hu. Not a kisse, till you come to your Chamber, -- then
Shee's your owne all over.

Greg. 'Tis enough: Now, an my father would but dye once.

Hu. When *Plush* shall heare of this, -- hee'll hang himselfe.

Greg. An he do — to make a wry mouth at the match,
I cannot helpe it; I should not doe so by him though. —
Save you gentlemen. We have the Lady Gentlemen.

Plu. We have the Lady-gentlemen.

Sir Rob. Is my Sister divided betweene you?

Sir Oli. You cannot both have the Lady.

Plu. Alas poore *Gregorie*!

Greg. Alas poore *Plush*!

La. Mos. Alas poore coxcombs! here's a coyle indeed
About a worthlesse shadow: — What am I sir?

Sir Ro. Capt. Alas poore *Plush*!

La. Mal. W. Alas poore *Gregorie*!

Plu. Why, who have I then?

Gill. Why, who doe you thinke you have sir? —

This is no Ivy bush, nor I an Owle. —

D'yece stare upon me? say?

Plu. Are yo' my wife?

Gill. I cannot tell, — how doe you thinke sir? ha?

Sir Oli. Having got this Beauty from you, we got this Beauty for you.

Car.

The Country Girl.

Cut. You'll thinke upon me I hope fir.

Capt. The Gentlewoman is my Sister; - I tell you no more but so fir:
Shee loves no large protests: — Embrace and kisse,
And 'tis sufficient. — There's an end of this.

Sir Rob. And what say you fir?

Greg. Why, I say — I - know not, - what to say,
Shee -- is not - very old fir - is she?

Capt. In her Hood, - some — 50 -- But in some Dressings she has,
Shee may passe for a thing of twenty.

Greg. Here be some Gutters; — Channels, -- and Long lanes,
But being fill'd up, -- with - a little Plaster of Paris-

Capt. Garden.

Greg. The Face, - may passe--

Capt. For a Paris-garden face: — it may fir.

Old Gent. Come, ne'r be melancholy, -- you shall find a woman of me
I warrant you.

Greg. Thou speak'st, - like a good old woman. — Well -
An my wife would but dy once.

Old gent. How Sweet-heart? - your Father,

Greg. I know what I said, I warrant you.

Old gent. Nay, preethee sweet-heart kisse me: - faith you shall - (kisse)

Greg. There-- Puh! - Well, - an- my wife would but dye once!

Mr. W. Come, you are so melancholic:
Why here's a man suffers, as much as you;
Or you master *Plush*, -- and yet you see hee's patient.

Rash. I thought I had married a Lady too, - but - by lady,
There's no such matter. — We must be contented now though.

Greg. Well -- here be three of us.

Sir Rob. There be indeed;

Stand together, I beseech you, and be silent.

Come, let's to Church: -- nay, wee'll not lose a minute.

Brother; — Sonne,

So, now I'll call thee Captaine; having got

The inestimable Jewell, treasur'd up

In this rich Cabinet: - for such a Jemme,

Is the deare heart of *Peg* my Girl; — my Pearle

This beauteous, vertuous, Country Girl: — And such

The

The Country Girl.

The Prize your fortune, - or, your goodness: rather,
Has drawne in this sweet Beauty. — Many joyes,
Heav'n send you both.

La. Mal. Many sweet Girles and Boyes.

Sir Rob. Why, godamercy my old Pegg, — Away. *Fl. risht.*
In love, and warre, no danger to delay. *Exeunt Rash, Plush,*
Gregorie, and their Wenches staying, Mr. William enters to them.

Epilogue.

Mr. Wil. **C**ome, will you goe Gentlemen? —
Nay you must be with us,
And ghefts at this Wedding dinner.

All. Must we?

Mr. Wil. By any meanes in the world sir. —
Their Cates will not relish without you.

Greg. A word or two first, to ease our stomackes here, and our
Stomacks shall be there in an instant. — Gentlemen,
You see how we have bin abus'd, — Basely abus'd and gull'd.

Rash. I, with this - crackt Commoditie.

Greg. I, with this — old Commoditie.

Plu. And I, — with this — scoulding Commoditie.

Rash. How this cracke, —

Greg. How this face —

Plu. How this tongue —

Rash. May be foulder'd, —

Greg. May be vernish'd, —

Plu. May be charm'd. —

Rash. I, -- any man can, let him tell us — no, -- no man?

All. Not one word of comfort.

Rash. If not, for us, so cunningly betraied
To these hard bargaines; — for our Country Maide.

Plush. Our vertuous City Dame, be pleas'd to shew
That you are pleas'd, —

Greg. Though we be hardly so,

M

These

The Country Girl.

These tricks thus put upon's.

Rash. And then, this — Cracke.

Greg. This — wither'd Face -- here.

Plu. and my *Gillians* clacke.

Rash. I Solder'd.

Greg. Vernisht.

Plu. Charm'd.

Mr. Wl. Here you may please
To understand, that what's set downe, for these
Is spoke for All : that by this part we meane,
All the whole Bulke, and Body of the Scène
We have Presented : -- which -- or Ebbes, or Flowes,
Or stands, or falls, — withers, or sweetly growes
From the Aspects you give it : -- Let them be,
But gracious, we are yours.

Men. And wee.

Women. And wee. *Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

The Actors Names.

Sir Robert Malory.

Sir Oliver Bellingham.

Captaine George Mullynax.

Master *Rash.*

Master *Timothy Plush.*

Master *Gregory Dwinale.*

Old *Thraash-hard.*

Abraham Thraash-hard -- his Sonne.

Cutburs } Servingmen.

Hugh

Lady *Malory.*

Lady *Mosely.*

An old Gentlewoman.

Margaret, the Country Girl.

Gillian her scolding Sister.

The Scène, London, and Edimonton.

